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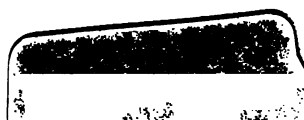
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HYMNS  
FOR  
CHURCH SERVICES.







**HYMNS**  
**FOR**  
**CHURCH SERVICES.**



# HYMNS

FOR

CHURCH SERVICES:

ARRANGED

ACCORDING TO THE

ARTICLES OF THE CREED.

DERBY:

PRINTED BY

JOHN AND CHARLES MOZLEY.

1852.

*147. d. 139.*





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**John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.**

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## PREFACE.

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A BRIEF statement of the principles by which the compiler of this Hymn Book has been guided in the selection, adaptation, and arrangement of the Hymns which it contains, will explain the reasons of his dissatisfaction with the present state of Congregational Psalmody, and the nature of the improvement which he has attempted to effect.

1. In the *selection* of the following Hymns care has been taken to choose such only as may fairly claim a poetical character. It is not meant to assert that all the Hymns of this Collection possess surpassing merit as compositions. But none have been admitted in which poverty of sentiment, weakness of expression, and doggerel versification, have too often been excused on account of the sanctity of their subjects, and the purity of their doctrine.

On the other hand, most of those Hymns will be *found in this volume* which are best known, and most

highly esteemed, in all congregations of Protestant Christians who worship God in the English tongue. These popular melodies have such power over the spiritual affections and sympathies of most religious persons, that to exclude them from our Hymn Books would be to interrupt, and restrict, as far as in us lay, the communion of saints on earth. Nor was the first-named principle of selection opposed to their admission. For they are, nearly all, as beautiful in poetry, as they are touching, or sublime, in thought and feeling.

This Collection contains as small a number of Hymns as is consistent with the endeavour to provide for all subjects which can with propriety be made the themes of sacred song. If it may be hoped that all the Hymns in the book will be found worthy of adoption into our service on appropriate occasions, the paucity of their number will prove a great and lasting benefit. A few Hymns, often sung, and (if the recommendation may be made without presumption) the same Hymns always to the same and suitable tunes, will become familiar to the minds and voices of our congregations, in connexion with the subjects upon which they have been composed. They are thus more likely to be "sung with the Spirit, and sung with the understanding also," than those which are seldom introduced, and comparatively unknown.

Another important consideration affecting the number of Hymns, is the desirableness of supplying the

poorer members of our congregations with a book, printed in good type, at a small price.

2. The *adaptation* of such Hymns as could not well be received without some omissions, or alterations, was a matter of equal delicacy and difficulty. It must suffice to state, that verses have not always been omitted because objectionable, but often for the purpose of shortening the Hymn; and that, while many restorations have been effected in Hymns which, as usually printed, their authors would scarcely recognise, not a few alterations have been adopted or made, without which some very excellent compositions would certainly be unsuited to modern use, at any rate in the communion of the Church of England.

3. The system of *arrangement* is in accordance with the title and object of the Collection. These are "Hymns for Church Services;" and the services of the Church ought to be, as in the Church of England they are, constructed upon the great events and facts, of the History and Revelation of the Gospel. The arrangement here made supersedes the necessity of a list of subjects, implying a choice of subjects—a list and choice, which the compiler of this book would rather receive from the Church than take upon himself to make for it. And it will be found, he trusts, an arrangement both comprehensive and intelligible. Those who use this Collection will naturally look for

Psalms of direct praise to the Divine Being under the first article of the Creed. Hymns expressive of our relation to God as the Father of all, or our Father in Christ, or the God of Creation and Providence, are ranged under the second and third. Hymns of adoration, addressed especially to our Lord Jesus Christ, follow His holy name. Those which contain our acknowledgments of His essential deity, and the indivisible Godhead of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, are placed after the words "His only Son." Those in which we avow our discipleship, and offer our service to Christ, are appropriately prefaced by His title as "Our Lord." No directions are needed to find Hymns composed on the principal events of His incarnation, life, ministry, and sacrifice, or those which celebrate the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit. Hymns on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper are associated with those on the sufferings of Christ; and Hymns on the Sacrament of Baptism with those under the Article, (I believe in) "the forgiveness of sins." This order is in accordance with the corresponding Article in the Nicene Creed, which, as the fuller exposition of the Christian faith, has given direction for the position of Hymns on other subjects also, as for instance, on the Holy Scriptures. Hymns embodying experiences of the Christian life are arranged under various Articles, as their subjects and contents respect different facts of the Divine manifestation, or the Divine œconomy. Many such are

to be found under the head of the "Communion of Saints," and the Article which some think identical with it—the "Holy Catholic Church." The last-named Article introduces also those Hymns in which we recognise the Church's duty to the world, and which are usually termed Missionary Hymns.

Following the guidance of the Creed, it was unavoidable that the proportion which Hymns on subjects taken from the personal history of our Lord bear to the whole number should be greater than in most other Collections. Our "Psalms," as well as our "prophesying," or public teaching, ought to be "according to the proportion of the faith." And we have higher authority than a creed of human composition for the multiplication of Hymns upon such themes. For "Christ's Church militant here upon earth" can only echo faithfully the joyful sounds of the Gospel Revelation, and join in full and conscious communion of worship with the Church triumphant, and the heavenly host, by celebrating in her services and her songs of praise,

"Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end."



# HYMNS.

---

**I believe in God.**

## 1.

**G**LORY to God! with joyful adoration  
Sing praises, sing praises; his power proclaim:

Praise we the Lord, the strength of our salvation;

And, worshipping before him, adore his name.

Praise him for mercies; blessings ever flowing;  
His love, which redeemed us from death, make known;

Praise him in life, with holy rapture glowing;  
Then worship him with angels before his throne.

## 2.

**A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who day and night unwearied sing  
*High glory to the Eternal KING.*



### I BELIEVE IN GOD.

- 3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;  
Grant, LORD, from death when I awake,  
I may of endless life partake.
- 4 To thee my vows, LORD, I renew ;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew,  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 6 Praise GOD, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

### 3.

- G**LORY to thee, my GOD, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O keep me, KING of kings,  
Under thine own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, LORD, for thy dear SON,  
The ills that I this day have done :  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
*I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.*

## I BELIEVE IN GOD.

- 3 O may my soul on thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;  
Sleep that may me more active make  
To serve my GOD when I awake.
- 4 Teach me to live that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
With joy behold the judgment day.
- 5 For death is life, and labour rest,  
If with thy gracious presence blest ;  
Then welcome sleep or death to me,  
I'm still secure, for still with thee.
- 6 Praise GOD from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

## 4.

**A**LL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :  
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,  
Come ye before him and rejoice.

- 2 The Lord ye know is God indeed ;  
Without our aid he did us make :  
We are his flock, he doth us feed ;  
*And for his sheep he doth us take.*

## I BELIEVE IN GOD.

- 3 Oh ! enter then his gates with praise :  
Approach with joy his courts unto :  
Praise, laud, and bless his name always ;  
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? The Lord our God is good ;  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth at all times firmly stood ;  
And shall from age to age endure.

## 5.

- B**EFORE JEHOVAH's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the LORD is GOD alone :  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men.  
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
*When rolling years shall cease to move.*

I BELIEVE IN GOD.

6.

**F**ROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the CREATOR's praise arise ;  
Let the REDEEMER's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, LORD ;  
Eternal truth attends thy word :  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

7.

**G**REAT God, how infinite art thou !  
What worthless worms are we !  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And give their praise to thee.

- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made ;  
Thou art the ever-living GOD,  
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite open lie  
To thine immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky  
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in thy view ;  
To thee there's nothing old appears,  
*Great GOD, there's nothing new.*

I BELIEVE IN GOD.

- 5 How infinite, O LORD, art thou !  
What worthless worms are we !  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And give their praise to thee.

8.

- O BLESS the LORD, my soul ;  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue, to bless his Name  
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the LORD, my soul ;  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins ;  
'Tis he relieves thy pain ;  
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransomed from the grave :  
He that redeemed my soul from hell,  
Hath sov'reign power to save.
- 5 High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
*Our highest thoughts exceed.*

I BELIEVE IN GOD.

9.

- O** God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while life shall last,  
*And our eternal home.*

I BELIEVE IN GOD.

10.

**G**OD is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade ;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd  
Down to the deep, and buried there ;  
Convulsions shake the solid world,  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,  
In sacred peace our souls abide,  
While every nation, every shore  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God ;  
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode.

5 Sion enjoys her monarch's love,  
Secure against a threat'ning hour ;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

I BELIEVE IN GOD.

11.

**O** THAT the LORD would guide my ways,  
To keep his statutes still !

O that my GOD would grant me grace,  
To know and do his will !

2 O send thy SPIRIT down to write  
Thy law upon my heart ;  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, LORD,  
But keep my conscience clear.

4 My soul hath gone too far astray,  
My feet too often slip ;  
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,  
Restore thy wandering sheep.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands,  
'Tis a delightful road ;  
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,  
Offend against my GOD.



I BELIEVE IN GOD.

12.

**T**HE God of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above ;  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love ;  
Jehovah, Great I Am !  
By earth and heaven confess'd ;  
I bow, and bless the sacred name,  
For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abraham praise,  
At whose supreme command  
From earth I rise—and seek the joys  
At his right hand :  
I all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power,  
And him my only portion make,  
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days,  
In all his ways :  
He calls a worm his friend !  
He calls himself my God !  
And He shall save me to the end,  
Through Jesus' blood.

## I BELIEVE IN GOD.

- 4    He by Himself hath sworn,  
      I on his oath depend,  
      I shall on eagle's wings up-borne  
          To heaven ascend :  
      I shall behold his face,  
      I shall his power adore,  
      And sing the wonders of his grace  
          For evermore.

## 13.

- B**Y whom was David taught  
      To aim the dreadful blow,  
      When he Goliath fought,  
      And laid the Gittite low ?  
      No sword nor spear the stripling took,  
      But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2    'Twas Israel's God and King  
      Who sent him to the fight ;  
      Who gave him strength to sling,  
      And skill to aim aright.  
      Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,  
      Because young David's God is yours.
- 3    Who order'd Gideon forth  
      To storm th' invader's camp,  
      With arms of little worth,  
      A pitcher and a lamp ?  
      The trumpets made his coming known,  
      *And all the host was overthrown.*

**I BELIEVE IN GOD.**

- 4    O ! I have seen the day,  
      When with a single word,  
      God helping me to say,  
      My trust is in the LORD,  
My soul has quelled a thousand foes,  
Fearless of all that could oppose.
- 5    But unbelief, self-will,  
      Self-righteousness, and pride,  
      How often do they steal  
      My weapon from my side !  
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's Friend,  
Will help his servants to the end.

## **The Father Almighty.**

### **14.**

**GUIDE** us, O thou great **JEHOVAH**,  
Pilgrims through this desert land :  
We are weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold us with thy powerful hand.

Lord and Father,  
Only by Thy grace we stand.

**2** Open now the living Fountain,  
Whence the healing waters flow ;  
Let the fiery, cloudy Pillar,  
Lead us all our journey through.  
Strong Deliverer,  
Keep us while to thee we go.

**3** Fruits of peace and holy pleasure  
Now, ev'n here, O may we taste ;  
Earnests of the boundless treasure  
Promis'd to be ours at last ;  
When we enter  
On the land to which we haste.

**4** When we reach the verge of Jordan,  
Bid our anxious fears subside ;  
Triumph give, and faith exulting,  
Land us safe on Canaan's side,  
Songs of praises  
*Then shall echo far and wide.*

THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

15.

**M**Y Shepherd is the living LORD,  
I therefore nothing need ;  
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,  
He setteth me to feed.

2 He shall convert and glad my soul,  
And bring my mind in frame  
To walk in paths of righteousness,  
For his most holy name.

3 Yea, though I walk the vale of Death,  
Yet will I fear no ill ;  
Thy rod and staff they comfort me,  
And thou art with me still.

4 And, in the presence of my foes,  
My table thou shalt spread ;  
Thou wilt fill full my cup, and thou  
Anointed hast my head.

5 Through all my life thy favour is  
So frankly shown to me,  
That in Thy house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

16.

**T**HE LORD my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye :  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary wandering steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O LORD, art with me still :  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the awful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
*And streams shall murmur all around.*

THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

17.

**M**Y GOD, how endless is thy love !  
Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command ;  
To thee I consecrate my days ;  
Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

18.

**M**Y GOD, my portion, and my love,  
My everlasting all,  
I've none but thee in heaven above,  
Or on this earthly ball.

2 In vain the bright, the burning sun  
Scatters his feeble light ;  
'Tis thy sweet Love creates my noon :  
*If thou withdraw, 'tis night.*

## THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

- 3 To Thee we owe our wealth, our friends,  
And health, and safe abode :  
Thanks to thy Name for meaner things ;  
But these are not my God.
- 4 How vain a thing is glittering wealth,  
If once compar'd to Thee !  
Or what's my safety, or my health,  
Or all my friends to me !
- 5 Were I possessor of the world,  
Or call'd the stars my own,  
Without thy grace, without thyself,  
I were a wretch undone.
- 6 In worldly joys let others rest,  
Or golden dross adore ;  
LORD, with thy Love may I be blest !  
My soul desires no more.

## 19.

- A**S pants the hart for cooling springs,  
So longs my soul, O King of kings,  
Thy face in near approach to see ;  
So thirsts, great Source of life, for Thee.
- 2 Thy mercies, Lord, before my eyes  
Shall yet in sweet remembrance rise ;  
Amidst the storm, amidst the wave,  
*Thy love the beams of comfort gave.*



## THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

- 3 Thy name to rapture prompts my tongue,  
My joy by day, by night my song ;  
To Thee my soul ascends in prayer,  
And in Thy bosom pours its care.
- 4 Then why, my soul, with care oppress !  
And whence the woes that fill my breast ?  
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,  
On God thy steadfast hope repose.

## 20.

- M**Y soul repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great ;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 His power subdues our sins,  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 3 The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel ;  
He knows our feeble frame.
- 4 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower ;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
*It withers in an hour.*

## THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

- 5 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure ;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy word of promise sure.

## 21.

**T**HE world can neither give nor take,  
Nor can they comprehend  
That peace of God which Christ hath bought,  
That peace which knows no end.

- 2 The burning bush was not consum'd  
While God remained there ;  
The three, when Jesus made the fourth,  
Found fire as soft as air.

- 3 God's furnace doth in Zion stand :  
But Zion's God sits by,  
As the refiner views his gold,  
With an observant eye.

- 4 His thoughts are high, his love is wise,  
His wounds a cure intend ;  
And though he doth not always smile,  
He loves unto the end.

- 5 His love is constant as the sun,  
Though clouds come oft between :  
And could my faith but pierce these clouds,  
*It might be always seen.*

## THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

- 6 Yet I shall ever, ever sing,  
And thou for ever shine ;  
I have thine own dear pledge for this :  
Lord, thou art ever mine.

## 22.

- F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy Throne of Grace  
Let this petition rise ;
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,  
My life and death attend ;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

## 23.

- T**HERE'S not a bird with lonely nest,  
In pathless wood, or mountain crest,  
Nor meaner thing, which does not share,  
*O God! in thy paternal care.*

## THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

- 2 There's not a being now accurst  
Who did not taste thy goodness first ;  
And ev'ry joy the wicked see  
Receiv'd its origin from thee.
- 3 Each barren crag, each desert rude,  
Holds thee within its solitude ;  
And thou dost bless the wand'rer there  
Who makes his solitary prayer.
- 4 In busy mart and crowded street,  
No less than in the still retreat,  
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless  
With all a parent's tenderness.
- 5 Through all creation let thy name  
Be echoed with a glad acclaim ;  
Thy praise let grateful churches sing,  
With praise let heaven for ever ring.
- 6 And we, where'er our lot is cast,  
While life, and thought, and feeling last,  
Through all our years, in ev'ry place,  
Will bless thee for thy boundless grace.

## Maker of Heaven and Earth.

### 24.

**T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim :  
The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And, nightly, to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth :  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ?  
What though no real voice, nor sound,  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

25.

**M**Y soul, praise the Lord,  
Rejoice in his name :  
O Lord, let my voice  
Thy goodness proclaim ;  
Exalted in honour,  
Dominion, and might,  
Thy throne is in heaven,  
Thy robes are the light.

2 Abroad by thy hand  
The heavens were spread,  
The world and the stars  
Thy wisdom hath made ;  
The clouds are a chariot  
Thy glory to bear,  
When on the wings riding  
Of winds in the air.

3 Thine angels, as fires,  
Pure, rapid, and bright,  
Perform thy commands  
With love and delight ;  
And we, who partake of  
Thy goodness below,  
Would join in their service,  
*Adoring thee too.*

## MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

4 O Father of heaven,  
We worship thy name ;  
All honour be given  
To Jesus the Lamb :  
The Spirit of glory  
We evermore praise ;  
One God we adore thee,  
O Ancient of days !

## 26.

WITH glory clad, with might array'd,  
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,  
The world's foundation strongly laid,  
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 The swelling floods in tumult rise,  
Aloud the angry tempests roar ;  
They lift their surges to the skies,  
And foam, and lash the sounding shore.

3 The Lord, the mighty God from high  
Controls the wild and wintry seas ;  
He gives the word, their murmurs die,  
And down they sink in silent peace !

4 Oh Saviour ! make thy servants pure,  
And calm our souls that proudly swell ;  
For all Thy laws are fix'd and sure,  
And peace becomes thy temple well !

MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

27.

- G**IVE to our God immortal praise ;  
Mercy and truth are all his ways :  
Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 He fills the sun with morning light ;  
He bids the moon direct the night :  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 3 He sent his Son with power to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :  
Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 Through this vain world he guides our feet,  
And leads us to his heavenly seat :  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.

28.

- W**ITH all my powers of heart and tongue  
I'll praise my Maker in my song :  
Angels shall hear the notes I raise ;  
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 Angels, that make thy Church their care,  
Shall witness my devotions there ;  
While holy zeal directs mine eyes  
To *thy fair temple* in the skies.



MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

- 3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,  
I'll sing the wonders of thy Word :  
Not all thy names and works below  
So much thy power and glory show.
- 4 To God I cried when troubles rose,  
He heard me, and subdued my foes :  
His peace did soon my fears control,  
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.
- 5 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,  
Upheld and guarded by thy hand :  
Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 6 Grace will complete what grace begins,  
To save from sorrows or from sins ;  
The work that Wisdom undertakes,  
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

29.

SOV'REIGN Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise !  
All my times are in thy hand—  
All events at thy command.

- 2 He that form'd me in the womb,  
He shall guide me to the tomb :  
All my times shall ever be  
*Order'd* by his wise decree.

MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

- 3 Times of sickness, times of health :  
Times of poverty and wealth ;  
Times of trial and of grief ;  
Times of triumph and relief :
- 4 Times, the tempter's pow'r to prove ;  
Times, to taste a Saviour's love :  
All must come, and last, and end,  
As shall please my heav'nly friend.
- 5 Plagues and deaths around me fly ;  
Till he bids, I cannot die :  
When the time he wills is come,  
Nought can keep me from my home.

30.

- T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known  
My rising up and lying down ;  
My secret thoughts are known to thee,  
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
- 2 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,  
On ev'ry side I find thy hand :  
O skill, for human reach too high,  
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !
- 3 If up to heav'n I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;  
Or dive to hell's infernal plains,  
'Tis *there* Almighty vengeance reigns.

MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

- 4 If I the morning's wings could gain,  
And fly beyond the western main,  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 5 Or, should I try to shun thy sight  
Beneath the sable wings of night;  
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,  
Would kindle darkness into day.

31.

- I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God : He made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, and all their train :  
His truth for ever stands secure ;  
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord gives eye-sight to the blind,  
The Lord supports the sinking mind,  
He sends the labouring conscience peace ;  
He helps the stranger in distress ;  
The widow and the fatherless ;  
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

## MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

- 4 He loves his saints ; he knows them well ;  
But turns the wicked down to hell :  
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns !  
Let every tongue, let every age,  
In this most glorious work engage,  
Praise him in everlasting strains.
- 5 I'll praise him while he lends me breath ;  
And when my voice is lost in death  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

## 32.

- T**HEE we adore, eternal Name,  
And humbly own to thee  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms are we !
- 2 Dangers stand thick on all the ground  
To push us to the tomb ;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.
- 3 Great God ! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things ;  
The eternal state of all the dead  
*Upon life's feeble strings !*

MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

- 4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,  
Attends on every breath ;  
And yet how unconcern'd we go  
Upon the brink of death.
- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dangerous road :  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

33.

FROM Sion's hill my help descends ;  
To God I lift mine eyes ;  
My strength on him alone depends  
Who form'd the earth and skies.

2 He, ever watchful, ever nigh,  
Forbids my foot to slide ;  
Nor sleep, nor slumber, seals the eye  
Of Israel's guard and guide.

3 He, on my side, array'd in might,  
His shield shall o'er me spread ;  
Nor sun by day, nor moon by night,  
Shall hurt my favour'd head.

4 Safe shall I go, and safe return,  
While he my life defends,  
Whose eyes my ev'ry step discern,  
Whose mercy never ends.

MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

34.

**L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time to insure the great reward ;  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given  
To escape from hell, and fly to heaven ;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue ;  
Since no device nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon past  
In the cold grave to which we haste ;  
But darkness, death, and long despair,  
Reign in eternal silence there.

35.

**G**OD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
*And works his sovereign will.*

**MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.**

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are filled with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

**36.**

- G**OD of my life, to thee I call,  
Afflicted at thy feet I fall :  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint ;  
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ;  
Where but with thee, whose open door  
*Invites the helpless and the poor ?*

MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
And thou refuse that mourner's plea;  
Does not the word still fix'd remain,  
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;  
And he is safe, and must succeed,  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

37.

- “O FATHER, glorify thy name!”  
So pray'd, at woe's approach, my Lord;  
Disease corrodes this mortal frame;  
O Father! be thy name adored.
- 2 Why fear the path of grief to tread?  
Why, Father, shrink from thy decree,  
If thus my longing soul be led  
A safer, shorter way to thee?
- 3 Yon clouds, a mass of sable shade  
To mortals gazing from below,  
By angels from above survey'd,  
With universal sunshine glow.
- 4 On wings of faith, o'er mists of earth,  
Thy servant, Father! teach to rise,  
And view the blessing's native worth,  
Clear'd from affliction's dark disguise.



MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

38.

NOT from the dust affliction grows,  
Nor troubles rise by chance ;  
But we are born to cares and woes ;  
A sad inheritance.

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,  
And still are upwards borne ;  
So grief is rooted in our souls,  
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,  
And trust his promis'd grace ;  
He rules me by his well-known laws  
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore  
Shall spoil my future peace,  
For death and hell can do no more  
Than what my Father please.

39.

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,  
Where wave succeeds to wave ;  
Though o'er my head the billows roll,  
I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys  
Can yet restore my peace ;  
And he who bids the tempest roar  
Can bid the tempest cease.

## MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

- 3 In the dark watches of the night,  
I'll count his mercies o'er ;  
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,  
And humbly beg for more.
- 4 There will I rest, and build my hopes,  
Nor murmur at his rod ;  
He's more than all the world to me,  
My Saviour and my God.

## 40.

- 1 HE billows swell, the winds are high,  
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;  
Out of the depths to thee I call,  
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
And guide and guard me through the storm ;  
Defend me from each threatening ill,  
Control the waves ; say, " Peace, be still !"
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;  
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name  
Attend the followers of the Lamb,  
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,  
And leave *it* to return no more.

MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

- 5 Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,  
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;  
Let neither winds nor stormy main  
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

41.

GOD of my strength, the Wise, the Just,  
My life, mine all, to thee I trust ;  
From thee, when terrors clos'd me round,  
My soul its full redemption found.

- 2 Thy mercy shall my thanks employ ;  
For thou, my theme, my life, my joy,  
Hast call'd me thine, and bid me share  
The gifts of thy paternal care.
- 3 O how shall all, who seek thy love,  
The fulness of thy bounty prove ;  
And teach the admiring world to see  
How blest the souls that trust in thee.
- 4 Thy saints, afar from strife of tongues,  
Shall sing to thee their peaceful songs,  
And see thy guardian presence spread  
Its awful splendours o'er their head.
- 5 Oh ! love the Lord ; in him confide ;  
Nor own, nor ask, a help beside :  
From him the firm unshaken mind  
Eternal strength and peace shall find.

MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

42.

- 'TIS my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross ;  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall ;  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscrib'd upon them all,  
This is happiness to me.
- 3 God in Israel sows the seeds  
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;  
These spring up and choke the weeds,  
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet ;  
Trials give new life to prayer ;  
Trials bring me to his feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 5 Did I meet no trials here,  
No correction by the way,  
Might I not, with reason, fear  
I should prove a cast-away ?
- 6 Others may escape the rod,  
Sunk in earthly, vain, delight ;  
But the true-born child of God  
*Must not, would not, if he might.*

MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

43.

- O** LORD, my best desire fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command  
Whose love forbids my fears ;  
Or tremble at the gracious hand  
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No ; let me rather freely yield  
What most I prize to thee,  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,  
Thou art engag'd to grant :  
What else I want, or think I do,  
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,  
Shall I resist them both,  
A poor blind creature of a day,  
And crush'd before the moth ?
- 6 But ah ! mine inward spirit cries,  
"Still bind me to thy sway,"  
Else the next cloud that veils my skies  
*Drives all these thoughts away.*

MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

44.

**W**HEN overwhelm'd with grief,  
My heart within me dies ;  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock  
That's high above my head ;  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
For ever I'll abide ;  
Thou art the Tower of my defence,  
The Refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy Name ;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same !

5 Then will I sing thy praise,  
My life to thee resign ;  
Thy mercy, and thy truth, O Lord,  
Shall keep me ever thine.

**And in Jesus Christ.**

**45.**

**A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name  
Let angels prostrate fall :  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.

**2** Crown him, ye martyrs of your God  
Who from his altar call ;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.

**3** Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
A remnant weak and small ;  
Hail him who saves you by his grace  
And crown him Lord of all.

**4** Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall ;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet  
And crown him Lord of all.

**5** Let every kindred, every tribe, .  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

AND IN JESUS CHRIST.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall ;  
There join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all !

46.

**J**JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
Or angels ever bore ;  
We are too mean to speak his worth,  
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.  
  
Great Prophet of our God,  
We bless thy holy name ;  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came :  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell o'ercome, and peace with heaven.

Jesus, our great High-priest,  
Offer'd his blood and died :  
My guilty soul shall seek  
No sacrifice beside :  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

Thou dear Almighty Lord ;  
*Our Conqueror, and our King ;*



AND IN JESUS CHRIST.

Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace we sing :  
Thine is the power ; O may we sit  
Obedient subjects at thy feet !

47.

**H**OW sweet the *Name* of Jesus sound  
In the believer's ear !

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wound  
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name ! the rock on which I build  
My shield and hiding-place ;  
My never-failing treasury fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But, when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

AND IN JESUS CHRIST.

Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death.

48.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.  
Teach me those melodious measures  
Sung by seraph hosts above ;  
Bid me tell the countless treasures  
Of my God's unchanging love.

2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.  
Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come ;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.

3 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
Let that grace, now, like a fetter,  
*Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.*

AND IN JESUS CHRIST.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love ;  
Saviour, take my heart and seal it,  
Seal it from thy courts above.

49.

**N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesu's Name :  
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,  
Triumph in Redeeming Love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless Redeeming Love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears ;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by Redeeming Love.

4 Welcome all by sin opprest,  
Welcome to your Saviour's breast ;  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but Redeeming Love.

5 He subdu'd the infernal pow'rs,  
His usurping foes and ours,  
From their cursed empire drove,  
Mighty in Redeeming Love.

AND IN JESUS CHRIST.

- 6 Hither then your music bring,  
Strike aloud each joyful string :  
Mortals join the hosts above,  
Join to praise Redeeming Love.

50.

- J**ESU, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,  
The weary sinner's friend :  
Come to my help, pronounce the word,  
Bid my corruptions end.
- 2 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,  
Thou canst victorious prove ;  
For everlasting strength is thine,  
And everlasting love.
- 3 Thy pow'rful Spirit can subdue,  
Unconquerable sin ;  
Cleanse my foul heart, and make it new,  
And write thy law within.
- 4 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,  
Yet let me hear thy call ;  
My soul in confidence shall rise,  
Shall rise and break through all.
- 5 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice,  
The blind his sight receive ;  
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,  
*The heart of stone believe ;*

AND IN JESUS CHRIST.

- 6 The Ethiop then shall change his skin,  
The dead shall feel thy pow'r ;  
The loathsome leper shall be clean,  
And I love sin no more.

51.

- B**Y thy birth and early years,  
By thy human griefs and fears ;  
By thy fasting and distress,  
In the lonely wilderness ;  
By thy victory, in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power—  
Jesus ! look with pitying eye,  
Hear our solemn litany.
- 2 By the sympathy that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;  
By thy bitter tears, that flow'd  
Over Salem's lost abode ;  
By the troubled sigh that told  
Treason lurk'd within thy fold—  
Jesus ! look with pitying eye,  
Hear our solemn litany !
- 3 By thine hour of dark despair ;  
By thine agony of prayer ;  
By the purple robe of scorn ;  
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,

AND IN JESUS CHRIST.

Cross and passion, pangs and cries ;  
By thy perfect sacrifice—  
Jesus ! look with pitying eye,  
Hear our solemn litany.

- 4 By thy deep expiring groan ;  
By the seal'd sepulchral stone ;  
By thy triumph o'er the grave ;  
By thy power from death to save—  
Mighty God ! ascended Lord, —  
To thy throne in heaven restored :  
Prince and Saviour ! hear the cry  
Of our solemn litany.

52.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee ;  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days !

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !  
No ; when I blush, be this my shame—  
That I no more revere his name.

- 3 Ashamed of Jesus !—Yes, I may  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

AND IN JESUS CHRIST.

- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;  
And oh may this my glory be—  
That Saviour not ashamed of me!

53.

**C**ONTENT and glad I'll ever be  
To have salvation, Lord, in thee,  
Ev'n as a sinner poor;  
I nothing have, I nothing am,  
My all is in the bleeding Lamb,  
Both now and evermore.

- 2 The more by grace myself I know,  
The lower I'm constrain'd to bow  
In shame before thy cross:  
I live by faith upon thy blood,  
In thee alone find all my good:  
All other gain is loss.

54.

**S**AVIOUR! when night involves the sky  
My soul, adoring, turns to thee;  
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise  
And wrapt in shades of death for me.

- 2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,  
When crimson gleams the east adorn;  
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell,  
Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.

AND IN JESUS CHRIST.

- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,  
To thee my soul triumphant springs ;  
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,  
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings !
- 4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,  
To death and thee my thoughts I give ;  
To death, whose power I soon must feel ;  
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

55.

- O** DRAW me, Saviour, after thee,  
So shall I run and never tire :  
With gracious words still comfort me ;  
Be thou my hope, my sole desire ;  
Free me from every weight : nor fear  
Nor sin can come, if thou art here.
- 2 What in thy love possess I not ?  
My star by night, my sun by day,  
My spring of life when parch'd with drought,  
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,  
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,  
My robe before the throne of God.
- 3 From all eternity with love  
Unchangeable thou hast me view'd ;  
Ere knew this beating heart to move,  
Thy tender mercies me pursued :  
Ever with me may they abide,  
*And close me in on every side.*



AND IN JESUS CHRIST.

- 4 In suffering be thy love my peace,  
In weakness be thy love my power :  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that last solemn hour,  
In death as life be thou my guide,  
And save me, who for me hast died !

56.

**B**Y faith in Christ the soul receives  
New life though dead before ;  
And he that in his name believes,  
Shall live to die no more.

- 2 The sinner, sleeping in his grave,  
Shall at his voice awake ;  
And whom he once begins to save,  
He never will forsake.

- 3 Fulfil thy promise, gracious Lord,  
On us assembled here ;  
Put forth thy Spirit with the word,  
And cause the dead to hear.

- 4 Preserve the power of faith alive  
In those who love thy name ;  
For sin and Satan daily strive  
To quench the sacred flame.

- 5 Thy power and mercy first prevail'd  
From death to set us free ;  
And often since our life had fail'd  
*Unless* renew'd by thee.

AND IN JESUS CHRIST.

- 6 To thee we look, to thee we bow,  
To thee for help we call;  
Our Life and Resurrection thou,  
Our hope, our joy, our all.

57.

**S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!  
'Tis pleasure to our ears;  
A sov'reign balm to every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise by Grace divine  
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! Let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,  
To thee the praise belongs:  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.

58.

**H**EAL us, Immanuel; here we are,  
Waiting to feel thy touch:  
Deep-wounded souls to thee repair,  
And, Saviour, we are such.

AND IN JESUS CHRIST.

- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess;  
We faintly trust thy word;  
But wilt thou pity us the less?  
Be that far from thee, Lord!
- 3 Remember him who once applied  
With trembling for relief:  
“Lord, I believe,” with tears he cried,  
“O help mine unbelief!”
- 4 She too, who touch’d thee in the press,  
And healing virtue stole,  
Was answer’d, “Daughter, go in peace,  
“Thy faith hath made thee whole.”
- 5 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,  
To touch thee if we may;  
Oh! send us not despairing home;  
Send none unheal’d away.

59.

BESIDE the gospel pool  
Appointed for the poor,  
From year to year, my helpless soul  
Has waited for a cure.

- 2 How often have I thought,  
Why should I longer lie?  
Surely the mercy I have sought  
Is not for such as I.

AND IN JESUS CHRIST.

But whither can I go?

There is no other pool

Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,

To make a sinner whole.

Here, then, from day to day,

I'll wait, and hope, and try ;

Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,

Yet suffer him to die ?

No—He is full of grace,

He never will permit

A soul, that fain would see his face,

To perish at his feet.

**His Only Son.**

**60.**

**J**ESUS, hail, thou great I AM!  
High and holy is thy Name!  
Angel-harps resound thy praise;  
Saints adore thy saving grace:  
Every creature bows the knee,  
Worshipping thy majesty.

2 Hail, thou everlasting Lord,  
God with us, Incarnate word!  
Glory of thy church thou art,  
Life and light of every heart;  
All below, and all above,  
Feel that heaven is in thy love,

**61.**

**H**ARK! the notes of angels singing  
Glory, glory to the Lamb!  
All in heaven their tribute bringing,  
Raising high the Saviour's name:  
Endless life in him possessing,  
Let us praise his precious love;  
Glory, honour, power and blessing,  
Be to Christ, who reigns above.

HIS ONLY SON.

62.

**H**ONOUR, and praise, and blessing  
Be henceforth to the Lamb ;  
Our thankful love expressing,  
We magnify thy Name :  
Soon, to behold thy glory  
We hope to rise above ;  
With angels to adore thee,  
In realms of endless love.

63.

**H**OLY, Holy, Holy Lord !  
Ever be thy Name ador'd :  
Thee to laud in songs divine  
Saints above and angels join ;  
We with them our voices raise,  
Echoing thine eternal praise ;  
Full of thee, with rapture cry,  
Glory be to God most High !

64.

**E**RE God had built the mountains,  
Or rais'd the fruitful hills ;  
Before he fill'd the fountains  
That feed the running rills ;  
In me, from everlasting,  
The wonderful I AM  
Found pleasures never wasting,  
And Wisdom is my name.

## HIS ONLY SON.

- 2 When like a tent to dwell in,  
He spread the skies abroad,  
And swath'd about the swelling  
Of ocean's mighty flood,  
He wrought by weight and measure ;  
And I was with him then :  
Myself the Father's pleasure,  
And mine, the sons of men."
- 3 Thus Wisdom's words discover  
Thy glory and thy grace.  
Thou everlasting lover  
Of our unworthy race.  
Thy gracious eye survey'd us  
Ere stars were seen above ;  
In wisdom thou hast made us,  
And died for us in love.
- 4 And couldst thou be delighted  
With creatures such as we,  
Who, when we saw thee slighted,  
And nail'd thee to a tree ?  
Unfathomable wonder,  
And mystery divine !  
The voice that speaks in thunder  
Says, " Sinner, I am thine !"

HIS ONLY SON.

65.

**T**HOU, whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight,  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And where the gospel's day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
Let there be light.

2 Thou who didst come to bring,  
On thy protecting wing,  
Healing and sight,  
Sight to the inly blind,  
Health to the sick in mind;  
Oh ! now, to all mankind,  
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving holy Dove,  
Speed forth thy flight,  
Move o'er the waters' face,  
By thine almighty grace,  
And, in earth's darkest place,  
Let there be light.



**HIS ONLY SON.**

- 4 Blessed and holy Three,  
Mysterious Trinity,  
    Wisdom, love, might,  
Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
O'er the world, far and wide,  
    Let there be light.

**66.**

**W**E give immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all our comforts here,  
And better hopes above :  
    He sent his own  
    Eternal Son,  
    To die for sins  
    That man had done.

- 2 To God the Son belongs,  
Immortal glory, too,  
Who bought us with his blood  
From everlasting woe ;  
    And now he lives,  
    And now he reigns,  
    And sees the fruit  
Of all his pains.

## HIS ONLY SON.

3 To God the Spirit's name  
Immortal worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live :  
His work completes  
The great design,  
And fills the soul  
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee  
Be endless honours done,  
The undivided Three,  
And the mysterious One :  
Where reason fails  
With all her powers,  
There faith prevails,  
And love adores.

## 67.

OUR God, how firm his promise stands,  
Ev'n when he hides his face,  
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands  
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,  
Since *Christ* and we are one?  
*Thy God* is faithful to his saints,  
*Is faithful* to his Son.

## HIS ONLY SON.

- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,  
And part of heav'n possess'd ;  
I thank him for the grace receiv'd,  
And trust him for the rest.

## 68.

- OH thou whom neither time nor space  
Can circle in, unseen, unknown,  
Nor faith in boldest flight can trace,  
Save through thy Spirit and thy Son !
- 2 And thou that from thy bright abode,  
To us in mortal weakness shown,  
Didst graft the manhood into God,  
Co-equal, co-eternal Son !
- 3 And thou, whose unction from on high  
By comfort, light, and love is known :  
Who, with the parent Deity,  
Dread Spirit ! art for ever one !
- 4 Great first and last ! thy blessing give ;  
And grant us faith, thy gift alone,  
To love and praise thee while we live,  
And do whate'er thou wouldst have done.

69.

**H**OLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to  
thee ;  
Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !  
God in three persons, blessed Trinity !

Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around  
the glassy sea ;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before  
thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be !

Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide  
thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may  
not see,  
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,  
Perfect in power, in love, in purity !

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !  
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth  
and sky and sea.  
*Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !  
God in three persons, blessed Trinity !*

**Our Lord.**

**70.**

**T**HE Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,  
Gave forth his voice of thunder :  
And Israel lay on earth below,  
Outstretch'd in fear and wonder.  
Beneath his feet was pitchy night,  
And at his left hand and his right,  
The rocks were rent asunder.

2 The Lord of Love, on Calvary,  
A meek and suffering stranger,  
Upraised to heaven his languid eye,  
In nature's hour of danger.  
For us he bore the weight of woe,  
For us he gave his blood to flow,  
And met his father's anger.

3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,  
The king of all created,  
Shall back return to claim his right,  
On clouds of glory seated ;  
*With trumpet-sound and angel-song,*  
*And hallelujahs, loud and long,*  
*O'er death and hell defeated!*

OUR LORD.

71.

**J**ESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,  
He whom I fixed my hopes upon,  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The way that leads from banishment ;  
The king's highway of holiness :  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 No stranger may proceed therein,  
No lover of the world and sin ;  
No lion, no devouring care,  
No sin, nor sorrow shall be there.

4 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee as I am ;  
Nothing but sin I thee can give ;  
Nothing but love shall I receive.

5 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
*I'll point to thy redeeming blood,*  
*And say, behold the way to God !*

72.

'TIS not the law of ten commands  
On holy Sinai given,  
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,  
Can bring us safe to heaven.

2 'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,  
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,  
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,  
Or save our souls from hell.

3 Aaron the priest resigns his breath  
At God's immediate will ;  
And in the desert yields to death  
Upon the appointed hill.

4 And thus on Jordan's yonder side  
The tribes of Israel stand,  
While Moses bow'd his head, and died,  
Short of the promis'd land.

5 Israel, rejoice, now Joshua leads,  
He'll bring your tribes to rest :  
*So far the Saviour's name exceeds  
The ruler and the priest.*

OUR LORD.

73.

**O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise ;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace !

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
He sets the prisoner free ;  
His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
His blood avail'd for me.

4 He speaks ; and, listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive ;  
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,  
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy !

6 Look unto him, ye nations ; own  
Your God, ye fallen race ;  
*Look, and be saved by faith alone,  
Be justified by grace.*



OUR LORD.

74.

**M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,  
My dawning is begun ;  
Thou art my soul's sweet morning star,  
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine,  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,  
And tells me, I am his !

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe ;  
*The wings of love, and arms of faith,*  
*Should bear me conqueror through.*

75.

**O**NE there is, above all others,  
Well deserves the name of friend ;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end :  
They who once his kindness prove,  
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood ?  
But our Jesus died to have us,  
Reconcil'd, in him, to God ;  
This was boundless love indeed ;  
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,  
" Friend of Sinners " was his name ;  
Now, above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same :  
Still he calls them brethren, friends,  
And to all their wants attends.

4 Could we bear from one another  
What he daily bears from us ?  
Yet this glorious friend and brother  
Loves us, though we treat him thus :  
Though for good we render ill,  
He accounts us brethren still.

OUR LORD.

- 5 Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften ;  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;  
We, alas ! forget too often  
What a friend we have above :  
But, when home our souls are brought,  
We will love thee as we ought.

76.

WHY should I doubt his love at last,  
With anxious thoughts perplex'd ?  
Who sav'd me in the troubles past,  
Will save me in the next,

- 2 Will save, till at my latest hour,  
With more than conquest blest,  
I soar beyond temptation's pow'r,  
To my Redeemer's breast.

77.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my heart to thee ;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

- 2 When on my groaning burden'd heart,  
My sins lie heavily ;  
*My pardon speak, new peace impart,*  
*In love remember me.*

OUR LORD.

- 3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee ;  
O give me strength, Lord, as my day,  
For good remember me.
- 4 Distress'd with pain, disease, and grief,  
This feeble body see,  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,  
Hear and remember me.
- 5 If on my face for thy dear name  
Shame and reproaches be ;  
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
If thou remember me.
- 6 The hour is near, consign'd to death,  
I own the just decree :  
Saviour, with my last parting breath  
I'll cry, remember me.

78.

- JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Thy "little flock" in safety keep—  
The flock for which thou cam'st from heaven,  
The flock for which thy life was given.
- 2 Thou saw'st them wand'ring far from thee,  
Secure as if from danger free ;  
*Thy love did all their wand'rings trace,  
And bring them to a "wealthy place."*

OUR LORD.

- 3 Oh ! guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,  
And keep them that they never stray ;  
Cherish the young ; sustain the old ;  
Let none be feeble in thy fold.
- 4 Protect them from the scorching beam,  
And lead them to the living stream ;  
In verdant pastures let them lie,  
And watch them with a shepherd's eye.
- 5 Oh ! may thy sheep discern thy voice,  
And in its sacred sound rejoice ;  
From strangers may they ever flee,  
And know no other guide but thee.
- 6 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,  
And let the number be complete ;  
Then let thy flock from earth remove,  
And rest within the fold above.

79.

**D**O not I love thee, O my Lord ?

Behold my heart and see ;  
And turn each cursed idol out  
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still  
To mine attentive ear ?

*Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound  
My Saviour's voice to hear ?*

OUR LORD.

- 3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock  
I would disdain to feed ?  
Hast thou a foe before whose face  
I fear thy cause to plead ?
- 4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood  
In honour of thy name ?  
And challenge the cold hand of death  
To damp the immortal flame ?
- 5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord ;  
But oh ! I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love thee more.

80.

- JESU, at thy command  
I launch into the deep :  
And leave my native land,  
Where sin lulls all asleep :  
For thee I fain would all resign,  
And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.
- 2 What though the seas are broad,  
What though the waves are strong,  
What though tempestuous winds  
Distress me all along ;  
*Yet what are seas, or stormy wind,  
Compar'd to Christ the sinner's friend ?*

**OUR LORD.**

- 3 Christ is my pilot wise,  
My compass is his word ;  
My soul each storm defies,  
While I have such a Lord ;  
I trust his faithfulness and pow'r  
To save me in the trying hour.
- 4 By faith I see the land,  
The port of endless rest ;  
My soul, thy wings expand,  
And fly to Jesu's breast.  
Oh may I reach the heav'nly shore,  
Where winds and seas distress no more!
- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,  
And all my storms subside ;  
Then to my succour fly,  
And keep me near thy side :  
For more the treach'rous calm I dread  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, heav'nly wind, and blow  
A prosp'rous gale of grace,  
To waft from all below  
To heav'n, my destin'd place.  
Then in full sail my port I'll find,  
And leave the world and sin behind.

81.

**N**OT words alone it cost the Lord  
To purchase pardon for his own ;  
Nor will a soul by grace restor'd,  
Return the Saviour words alone.

2 With golden bells, the priestly vest,  
And rich pomegranates border'd round,  
The need of holiness express'd,  
And call'd for fruit as well as sound.

3 Easy indeed it were to reach  
A mansion in the courts above,  
If swelling words, and fluent speech,  
Might serve instead of faith and love.

4 But none shall gain that blissful place,  
Or God's unclouded glory see,  
Who talks of free and sov'reign grace,  
Unless that grace has made him free.

82.

**S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on ;  
*Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
Through his eternal Son.*



## OUR LORD.

- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power ;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trust  
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in his great might,  
With all his strength endued ;  
And take, to arm you for the fight  
The armour of your God—
- 4 That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may behold your victory won,  
And stand complete at last.

**Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost,  
Born of the Virgin Mary.**

**83.**

**H**ARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promis'd long :  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

2 He comes the pris'ners to release  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eye long closed in night  
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure ;  
And with the riches of his grace,  
To bless the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
*And heaven's eternal arch shall ring  
With thy beloved name.*

CONCEIVED BY THE HOLY GHOST,

84.

**J**OY to the world—the Lord is come—

Let earth receive her King ;

Let every heart prepare him room,

And every creature sing :

2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns—

Let men their songs employ ;

While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,

Repeat the sounding joy :

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,

With all her different tongues ;

And spread the honour of his name,

In melody and songs.

4 No more let sins and sorrows grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground ;

He comes to make his blessings flow,

Far as the curse is found.

5 He rules the world with truth and grace,

And makes the nations prove

The glories of his righteousness,

And wonders of his love.

85.

**H**ARK! the herald-angels sing,

Glory to the new-born King!

*Peace on earth, and mercy mild,*

*God and sinners reconcil'd.*

## BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumphs of the skies ;  
With the angelic host proclaim,  
" Christ is born in Bethlehem !"
- 3 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail the Incarnate Deity ;  
Pleas'd as man with men to dwell,  
Jesus our Immanuel.
- 5 Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die ;  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.
- 6 Sing we then, with angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King :  
Glory in the highest heaven,  
Peace on earth, and sins forgiven.

86.

OH Saviour, whom this holy morn  
Gave to our world below ;  
To mortal want and labour born,  
And more than mortal woe !

CONCEIVED BY THE HOLY GHOST

- 2 Incarnate Word ! by every grief,  
By each temptation tried,  
Who lived to yield our ills relief,  
And to redeem us died.
- 3 If gaily clothed and proudly fed,  
In dangerous wealth we dwell;  
Remind us of thy manger bed,  
And lowly cottage cell.
- 4 If press'd by poverty severe,  
In envious want we pine,  
Oh may the Spirit whisper near,  
How poor a lot was thine !
- 5 Through fickle fortune's various scene  
From sin preserve us free :  
Like us thou hast a mourner been,  
May we rejoice with thee !

87.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;  
*Come and worship,  
Worship Christ the new-born King.*

## BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant-light ;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ the new-born King.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar ;  
Seek the great Desire of nations ,  
Ye have seen his natal star ;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ the new-born King.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In his temple shall appear ;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ the new-born King.
- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,  
Justice now revokes the sentence,  
Mercy calls you—break your chains ;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ the new-born King.

**I**N heaven the rapturous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

2 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo roll'd ;  
The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.

3 Down through the portals of the sky  
The impetuous torrent ran ;  
And angels flew with eager joy,  
To bear the news to man.

4 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song ;  
Good-will and peace are heard throughout  
The harmonious, heav'nly throng.

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,  
" Glory to God on high ;  
" Good-will and peace are now complete,  
" Jesus was born to die."

6 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail !  
Redeemer, brother, friend !  
*Though earth, and time, and life should fail*  
*Thy praise shall never end.*

BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

89.

**H**ARK ! what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly sounding through the skies ;  
Lo ! the angelic host rejoices ;  
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,  
Which they chant in hymns of joy :  
“ Glory in the highest, glory !  
Glory be to God most high !

3 “ Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found ;  
Souls redeem’d, and sins forgiven ;—  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 “ Christ is born, the Great Anointed ;  
Heaven and earth his praises sing !  
O receive whom God appointed,  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King !

5 “ Hasten, mortals, to adore him ;  
Learn his name, and taste his joy ;  
Till in heaven ye sing before him,  
Glory be to God most high !

6 Let us learn the wondrous story  
Of our Great Redeemer’s birth ;  
*Spread the brightness of his glory,*  
*Till it cover all the earth.*



90.

**S**ONS of men, behold from far,  
Hail the long-expected star !  
Star of truth, that gilds the night,  
And guides bewilder'd Nature right.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,  
Piercing through the shades of death ;  
Scattering error's wide-spread night ;  
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,  
Haste to see your God appear ;  
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,  
Meet him manifested there !

4 There behold the day-spring rise,  
Pouring light on mortal eyes ;  
See it chase the shades away,  
Shining to the perfect day !

5 Sing, ye morning stars, again !  
God descends on earth to reign !  
*God in mercy leaves the sky !*  
*Shout, ye sons of God, on high !*

BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

91.

**B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid:

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;  
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure:  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid:  
*Star of the East, the horizon adorning,*  
*Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.*

CONCEIVED BY THE HOLY GHOST,

92.

**B**RIGHT was the guiding star that led,  
With mild benignant ray,  
The Gentiles to the lowly shed  
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light  
Now points to his abode ;  
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,  
To guide us to our God.

3 O haste to follow where it leads,  
Its gracious call obey !  
Be rugged wilds, or flow'ry meads  
The Christian's destin'd way.

4 O gladly tread the narrow path,  
While light and grace are given,  
Who meekly follow Christ on earth  
Shall reign with him in heaven.

93.

**O**H God ! who gav'st thy servant grace,  
Amid the storms of life distress,  
To look on thine incarnate face,  
And lean on thy protecting breast ;

**BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY.**

- 2 To see the light that dimly shone,  
Eclipsed for us in sorrow pale,  
Pure Image of the Eternal One !  
Through shadows of thy mortal veil !**
- 3 Be ours, O King of Mercy ! still  
To feel thy presence from above,  
And in thy word, and in thy will,  
To hear thy voice, and know thy love :**
- 4 And when the toils of life are done,  
And nature waits thy dread decree,  
To find our rest beneath thy throne,  
And look, in humble hope, to thee.**

**Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was Crucified, Dead, and Buried. He descended into Hell.**

**94.**

- R**IDE on ! ride on in majesty !  
Hark ! all the tribes Hosannah cry !  
Thine humble beast pursues his road,  
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.
- 2 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !**  
In lowly pomp ride on to die !  
O Christ ! thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captiv'd Death and conquer'd Sin !
- 3 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !**  
The winged squadrons of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,  
To see the approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !**  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;  
The Father, on his sapphire throne,  
Expects his own anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !**  
In lowly pomp ride on to die !  
*Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,*  
*Then take, O God, thy power, and reign !*

SUFFERED UNDER PONTIUS PILATE.

95.

**W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above ;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame :  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh  
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame ;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power ;  
*We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In the distressing hour.*

WAS

96.

**G**O to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power,  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with him one bitter hour ;  
Turn not from his griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,  
View the Lord of life arraign'd ;  
O the wormwood and the gall !  
O the pangs his soul sustain'd !  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;  
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;  
There, adoring at his feet,  
Mark that miracle of Time,  
—God's own sacrifice complete :  
“It is finished ;”—hear him cry ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,  
Where they laid his breathless clay ;  
All is solitude and gloom,  
—Who hath taken him away ?  
*Christ is risen ;—he meets our eyes ;*  
*Saviour, teach us so to rise.*

## CRUCIFIED

97.

**W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;  
All the vain things which charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

98.

**A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed ?  
And did my Sov'reign die ?  
*Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I ?*



DEAD,

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity, grace unknown,  
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, his creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While thy dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
That debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

99.

**S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life and health, and peace possessing  
From the sinner's dying friend.  
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood  
*Precious drops my soul bedewing,*  
*Plead and claim my peace with G*

AND BURIED.

- 2 Truly blessed is this station,  
    Low before his cross to lie ;  
While I see divine compassion  
    Floating in his languid eye:  
Love and grief my heart dividing,  
    With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
    Life deriving from his death.

100.

**T**HERE is a Fountain fill'd with blood,  
    Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood  
    Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
    That fountain in this day ;  
And there would I—as vile as he—  
    Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
    Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
    Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
    Thy *flowing* wounds supply,  
*Redeeming love* has been my theme,  
    *And shall be till I die.*

## HE DESCENDED

- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save ;  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

## 101.

'TIS finish'd!—the Messiah dies ;  
Cut off for sins, but not his own :  
Accomplish'd is the sacrifice,  
The great redeeming work is done.

2 Finish'd the first transgression is,  
And purg'd the guilt of actual sin ;  
And everlasting righteousness  
Is brought for all his people in.

3 'Tis finish'd, all my guilt and pain ;  
I want no sacrifice beside :  
For me, for me, the Lamb is slain,  
And I'm for ever justified.

4 Sin, death, and hell, are now subdued  
All grace is now to sinners given,  
And, lo, I plead th' atoning blood,  
For pardon, holiness, and heaven.

102.

**M**Y dying Saviour, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

2 Wash me, and seal me thus thine own ;  
Wash me, and mine thou art :  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart !

3 The atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve,  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul is love.

4 From ev'ry proud, self-righteous boast,  
Blest Saviour, set me free ;  
Let all I am in thee be lost,  
And give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, O Lord, cannot suffice,  
Unless thyself be giv'n :  
*Thy presence makes my paradise ;*  
*Where'er thou art is heav'n.*

## SUFFERED

### 103.

**N**OT all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace  
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay its hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the accursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice  
And sing his bleeding love.

104.

**R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee !  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil the law's demands :  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone :  
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;  
Simply to thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to thee for dress ;  
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,*  
*Let me hide myself in thee !*

**N**OW have I found the ground wherein  
 Safe my soul's anchor may remain ;  
 The death of Jesus, for my sin  
 Before the world's foundation slain ;  
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
 When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 O Love, thou bottomless abyss !  
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee ;  
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,  
 From condemnation now I'm free ;  
 While Jesu's blood through earth and skies,  
 Mercy, free, boundless Mercy ! cries.

3 With faith I plunge me in this sea ;  
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest :  
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee,  
 Flee to my Saviour's wounded breast :  
 Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear !  
 Mercy is all that's written here.

4 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,  
 Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone,  
 Though joys be wither'd all, and dead ;  
 Though every comfort be withdrawn,  
*Steadfast on this my soul relies :—*  
*Father, thy mercy never dies.*

## CRUCIFIED,

- 5 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,  
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;  
This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
When earth's foundations melt away :  
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
Loved with an everlasting love.

## 106.

**A**S when the Hebrew prophet rais'd  
The brazen serpent high,  
The wounded look'd, and straight were heal'd,  
The people ceas'd to die :

- 2 So from the Saviour on the Cross  
A healing virtue flows ;  
And all who raise the eye of faith,  
Are saved from endless woes.
- 3 Thus may we seek thy mercy-seat ;  
O God, the blessing give ;  
Help us in faith to look to thee,  
And bid the dying live.

## 107.

**H**OW blest and awful is the place  
With Christ within the doors,  
*While everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores.*



DEAD,

- 2 Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there's room ?  
When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come.
- 3 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
That sweetly forced us in ;  
Else we had still refus'd to taste,  
And perish'd in our sin.
- 4 Pity the nations, O our God !  
Constrain the earth to come ;  
Send thy victorious word abroad,  
And bring the strangers home.

108.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,  
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed :  
By whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in whose death our sins are dead !

- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed,  
And be thy feast to us the token  
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

AND BURIED.

109.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget ;  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember thee ?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God ! my sacrifice !  
I must remember thee :—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains  
And all thy love to me ;  
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
*Jesus remember me.*

HE DESCENDED INTO HELL.

110.

**T**HOU very paschal Lamb,  
Whose blood for us was shed ;  
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came,  
Thy ransom'd people lead.

2 Angel of gospel grace,  
Fulfil thy character ;  
To guard and feed thy chosen race,  
In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert way  
Conduct us by thy light :  
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,  
A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain  
With blessings from above ;  
And ever on thy people rain  
The manna of thy love.

**The third day he rose again from the dead.**

**111.**

**C**HRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,  
Sons of men, and angels, say :  
Raise your songs and triumphs high ;  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won :  
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;  
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;  
Death in vain forbids his rise ;  
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King !  
Where, O death ! is now thy sting ?  
Once he died, our souls to save ;  
Where's thy victory, O grave ?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Following our exalted Head :  
*Made like him, like him we rise ;*  
*Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.*

## THE THIRD DAY

### 112.

**C**HRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,  
Our triumphant holy day :

He endur'd the cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save.

2 Lo ! he rises, mighty King ;  
Where, O death ! is now thy sting ?  
Lo ! he claims his native sky ;  
Grave, where is thy victory ?

3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,  
Peace with God for ever made :  
With your risen Saviour rise ;  
Claim with him the purchas'd skies.

4 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,  
Our triumphant holy day :  
Loud the song of vict'ry raise :  
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

### 113.

“ **T**HE Lord is ris'n indeed,”  
And are the tidings true ?  
Yes, they beheld the Saviour bleed,  
And saw him living too.

HE ROSE AGAIN FROM THE DEAD.

- 2 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"  
Then Justice asks no more ;  
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,  
Who stood oppos'd before.
- 3 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"  
He lives to die no more ;  
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,  
Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 4 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"  
Attending angels hear ;  
Up to the courts of heav'n, with speed,  
The joyful tidings bear.
- 5 Then take your golden lyres,  
And strike each cheerful chord,  
Join all the bright celestial choirs,  
To sing our risen Lord.

114.

CHRIST is risen ! the Lord is come,  
Bursting from the sealed tomb !  
Death and hell, in mute dismay,  
Render up their mightier prey.

- 2 Christ is risen ! but not alone !  
Death, thy kingdom is o'erthrown !  
We shall rise as he hath risen,  
From the deep sepulchral prison.

### THE THIRD DAY

- 3 Heirs of death, and sons of clay,  
Long in death's dark thrall we lay,  
And went down, in trembling gloom,  
To the unawakening tomb.
- 4 Heirs of life, and sons of God,  
On the path our Captain trod,  
Now we hope to soar on high  
To the everlasting sky.
- 5 Mortal once, immortal now,  
Our vile bodies off we throw,  
Glorious bodies to put on,  
Round our great Redeemer's throne.
- 6 Lofty hopes ! and their's indeed  
Who the Christian's life shall lead ;  
Christ's below in faith and love,  
Christ's in endless bliss above.

## 115.

- T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made ;  
He calls the hours his own ;  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
To-day the saints his triumph spread,  
And all his wonders tell.

HE ROSE AGAIN FROM THE DEAD.

- 3 Hosanna! to th' anointed King,  
    To David's holy Son ;  
Help us, O Lord ; descend, and bring  
    Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
    With messages of grace ;  
Who comes, in God his Father's name,  
    To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
    The church on earth can raise !  
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,  
    Shall give him nobler praise.



**He ascended into Heaven.**

**116.**

- H**E dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !  
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around :  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Weep, saints, nor let your tears be few,  
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;  
He shed a thousand tears for you,  
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 But lo ! the Lord forsakes the tomb !  
The tomb in vain forbids his rise ;  
Angelic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 4 Cease, cease your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliverer reigns :  
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
And led the tyrant, Death, in chains.
- 5 Oh ! live for ever, wondrous King !  
Born to redeem, and strong to save :  
*And now !—O death, where is thy sting ?  
And where thy victory, boasting grave ?*

HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN.

117.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Saviour is gone up on high ;  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay—  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !  
Ye everlasting doors, give way !

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene :  
He claims these mansions as his right ;  
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?  
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame ;  
The world, sin, death, and hell, o'erthrew ;  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay ;  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

6 Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?  
The Lord of glorious power possess'd ;  
*The King of saints and angels too ;*  
*God over all, for ever blest !*

HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN.

118.

**H**AIL the day that sees him rise,  
Glorious to his native skies !  
Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
Enters now the gates of heaven.

2 See, the heaven its Lord receives !  
Yet he loves the earth he leaves ;  
Though returning to his throne,  
Still he calls mankind his own.

3 Still for us he intercedes ;  
His prevailing death he pleads ;  
Near himself prepares our place,  
Harbinger of human race.

4 What, though parted from our sight,  
Far above yon azure height,  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Seeking thee above the skies.

119.

**O** FOR a shout of sacred joy  
To God, the sovereign King !  
Let every land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.

## HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN.

- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high ;  
His heavenly guards around,  
Attend him rising through the sky,  
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,  
Let mortals learn their strains ;  
Let all the earth his honours sing,  
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound ;  
Let knowledge lead the song ;  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne ;  
He loves that chosen race ;  
But now he calls the World his own,  
And Gentiles taste his grace.

## 120.

**A**RISE, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears ;  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears ;  
Before the throne my Surety stands ;  
My name is written on his hands.

## HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN.

- 2    He ever lives above,  
      For me to intercede ;  
      His all-redeeming love,  
      His precious blood, to plead :  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3    The Father hears him pray,  
      His dear Anointed One ;  
      He cannot turn away  
      The presence of his Son :  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.
- 4    My God is reconcil'd :  
      His pardoning voice I hear ;  
      He owns me for his child ;  
      I can no longer fear ;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

## 121.

**T**HE atoning work is done !  
      The precious blood is shed ;  
And Jesus now is gone,  
      His people's cause to plead.  
He stands in heaven their great High Priest,  
And bears their names upon his breast.

## HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN.

- 2      He sprinkles with his blood  
The mercy-seat above :  
For Justice had withstood  
The purposes of Love :  
But Justice now objects no more,  
And Mercy yields her boundless store.
- 3      No temple made with hands  
His place of service is ;  
In heaven itself he stands ;  
A heavenly Priesthood his.  
In him the shadows of the Law  
Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.
- 4      And though awhile he be  
Hid from the eyes of men,  
His people look to see  
Their Great High Priest again ;  
In brightest glory he will come,  
And take his waiting people home.

**And sitteth on the right hand of God the  
Father Almighty.**

**122.**

**H**E who on earth as man was known,  
And bore our sins and pains,  
Now, seated on the eternal throne,  
The God of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide,  
With an unerring skill ;  
And countless worlds extended wide,  
Obey his sov'reign will.

3 While harps unnumbered sound his praise,  
In yonder world above ;  
His saints on earth admire his ways,  
And glory in his love.

4 This land, through which his pilgrims go,  
Is desolate and dry ;  
But streams of grace from him o'erflow,  
Their thirst to satisfy.

5 How glorious he ! how happy they  
In such a glorious friend !  
Whose love secures them all the way,  
And crowns them at the end.

123.

**L**OOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,  
See "The Man of Sorrows" now!  
From the fight return'd victorious,  
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow;  
Crown him, crown him:  
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour; angels crown him:  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:  
In the seat of power enthrone him,  
While the vault of heaven rings:  
Crown him, crown him:  
Crown the Saviour "King of kings!"

3 Sinners in derision crown'd him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
Saints and angels crowd around him,  
Own his title, praise his Name:  
Crown him, crown him:  
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!  
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!  
Jesus takes the highest station:  
O what joy the sight affords!  
Crown him, crown him:  
"King of kings and Lord of lords."



124.

**A**RRAY'D in human flesh,  
The Covenant-Angel stands ;  
And holds the promises  
And pardons in his hand :  
Commission'd from his Father's throne  
To make his grace to mortals known.

2      Be thou our Counsellor,  
Our Pattern, and our Guide :  
And through this desert land  
Still keep us near thy side :  
O let our feet ne'er run astray,  
Nor wander from the heavenly way.

3      We hear our Shepherd's voice,  
His watchful eye shall keep  
Our tempted souls among  
The thousands of his sheep :  
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,  
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

4      To this great Surety's hands  
My soul, commend thy cause ;  
He answers and fulfils  
His Father's broken laws.  
Believing souls now free are set,  
For Christ hath paid their dreadful debt.

THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

- 5      Then let our souls arise,  
         And tread the Tempter down ;  
         Our Captain leads us forth  
         To conquest and a crown :  
March on ; nor fear to win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

125.

- B**LEST Jesus, source of every grace,  
From far to view thy smiling face,  
While absent thus by faith we live,  
Exceeds all joys that earth can give.
- 2 But O ! what rapturous bliss unknown  
Fills the wide circle round thy throne ;  
Where every hour of joy appears  
Nobler than millions of our years.
- 3 Where Jesus dwells, my soul would be ;  
I faint, my much-lov'd Lord to see.  
Earth, twine no more about my heart ;  
'Tis far, far better to depart.
- 4 That blessed interview how sweet !  
To fall transported at his feet ;  
Or to perform with glowing hands  
A present Saviour's high commands.

AND SITTETH ON

- 5 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,  
I'll wait the signal for my flight :  
For while thy service I pursue,  
I find my heaven begun below.

126.

- J**ESUS, in thee our eyes behold  
A thousand glories more  
Than the rich gems, and polish'd gold,  
The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt-off'rings brought  
To purge themselves from sin ;  
Thy life was pure, without a spot,  
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,  
Was on their altar spilt :  
But thy one offering takes away,  
For ever, all our guilt.
- 4 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns  
On Sion's heavenly hill ;  
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,  
And wears his Priesthood still.
- 5 He ever lives to intercede  
Before his Father's face :  
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

THE RIGHT HAND

127.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus !  
Worthy the Lamb ! our lips reply,  
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine ;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred Name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

128.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown ;  
Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,  
Into every troubled breast ;  
Let us all in thee inherit,  
*Let us find thy promised rest.*

## OF GOD,

- 2 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy life receive ;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave.  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve thee as thine hosts above ;  
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy precious love.
- 3 Finish then thy new creation,  
Pure, unspotted may we be :  
Let us see our whole salvation  
Perfectly secured by thee :  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place ;  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

## 129.

JESU, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high :  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past ;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last.

## THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in thee I find ;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name ;  
I am all unrighteousness :  
False and full of sin I am ;  
Thou art full of Truth and Grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make, and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee ;  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

130.

**B**RETHREN, let us join and bless  
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness;  
Let our praise to Him be given,  
High at God's right hand in heaven.

- 2 Son of God, to thee we bow :  
Thou art Lord, and only thou ;  
Thou the blessed Virgin's seed,  
Glory of thy Church, and Head.
- 3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing ;  
Thee we praise, our Priest and King ;  
Worthy is thy name of praise,  
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought  
Of salvation by thee wrought ;—  
Wrought to set thy people free ;  
Wrought to bring our souls to thee.
- 5 May we follow and adore  
Thee, our Saviour, more and more ;  
Guide and bless us with thy love,  
Till we join thy saints above.

131.

**B**EHOLD the throne of grace,  
The promise calls me near ;  
There Jesus shows a smiling face,  
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,  
Which sprinkled round I see,  
Provides for those who come to God  
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,  
Thou can'st not be too bold ;  
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,  
What else can he withhold ?

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence and thy love ;  
I ask to serve thee here below,  
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith,  
Conform my will to thine ;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.



132.

**C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;  
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;  
He himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not turn away.

2 Thou art coming to a King ;  
Large petitions with thee bring ;  
For his grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin ;  
Oh ! remove this load of sin ;  
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest ;  
Take possession of my breast ;  
There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;  
As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

133.

**P**RAYER was appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give :  
Long as they live should Christians pray,  
For only while they pray they live.

- 2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites,  
He speaks as prompted from within ;  
The Spirit his petition writes,  
And Christ receives, and gives it in.
- 3 And shall we in dead silence lie,  
When Christ stands waiting for our prayer ?  
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high,  
Arise, and try thy interest there.
- 4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,  
If cares distract, or fears dismay,  
If guilt deject, if sin distress,  
'Tis thy sure remedy to pray.
- 5 Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail ;  
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;  
Fear not—his merits must prevail ;  
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

134.

O THAT I knew the sacred place  
Where I might find my God !  
I'd spread my wants before his face,  
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,  
What sorrows I sustain ;  
How grace decays, and comfort dies,  
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 I'd say—how flesh and sense rebel,  
What inward foes combine  
With the vain world and powers of hell,  
To vex this soul of mine.

4 He knows what arguments I'd take  
To wrestle with my God ;  
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,  
And for my Saviour's blood.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
And banish every fear :  
*He calls thee to his Throne of grace,*  
*To spread thy sorrows there.*

THE RIGHT HAND

135.

**R**EJOICE, believer, in the Lord,  
Who makes your cause his own ;  
The hope that's built upon his word,  
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm ;  
Your life is hid with Christ in God,  
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as we are, we shall not faint ;  
Or fainting, shall not die ;  
Jesus, the Strength of every saint,  
Will aid us from on high.

4 Though sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,  
Faith sees him always near ;  
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence,  
Then what have you to fear ?

5 As surely as he overcame,  
And triumph'd once for you ;  
So surely you that love his name,  
Shall triumph in him too.

OF GOD,

136.

**O**UR life is hid with Christ in God ;  
Our Life shall soon appear,  
And spread his glory all abroad  
In us his members here.

2 The heavenly treasure now we have  
In a mean house of clay,  
Which he shall to the utmost save,  
And guard against that day.

3 Our souls are in his mighty hand,  
And he will keep them still ;  
And all his flock shall surely stand  
With him on Sion's hill.

4 And, if our fellowship below  
In Jesus is so sweet,  
What height of rapture shall we know  
When round his throne we meet !

137.

**C**HRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night :  
*Day-spring* from on high, be near ;  
*Day-star*, in my heart appear.

## THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
Unaccompanied by thee;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till thy mercy's beams I see;  
Till they inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill me, Radiancy Divine!  
Scatter all my unbelief:  
More and more thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

**From thence We shall come to judge the  
quick and the dead.**

138.

**O SAVIOUR, is thy promise fled ?  
Nor longer may thy grace endure,  
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,  
And preach thy gospel to the poor ?**

**2 Come, Jesus, come, return again ;  
With brighter beams thy servants bless,  
Who long to hail thy perfect reign,  
And share thy kingdom's happiness.**

**3 A feeble race, by passion driven,  
In darkness and in doubt we roam,  
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,  
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.**

**4 Come, Jesus, come ! and as of yore  
Thy Prophet went to clear the way,  
A harbinger thy feet before,  
A dawning to thy brighter day ;—**

**5 So, ere again we see thy face,  
Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;  
*Sow in our souls the seed of grace,  
Then come, and reap thy harvest there.***

139.

**D**ARKNESS overspreads us here,  
But the night wears fast away ;  
Jacob's Star will soon appear,  
Leading on eternal day.  
Now 'tis time to wake from sleep,  
Trim our lamps, and stand prepar'd,  
For our Lord strict watch to keep,  
Lest he find us off our guard.

2 Let his people courage take ;  
Bear with a submissive mind  
All they suffer for his sake ;  
Rich amends they soon will find.  
He will wipe away their tears,  
Near himself appoint their lot :  
All their sorrows, pains, and fears,  
Quickly then will be forgot.

3 Though already sav'd by grace,  
From the hour we first believ'd ;  
Yet, while sin and war have place,  
We have but in part receiv'd :  
Still we for salvation wait :  
Every hour it nearer comes ;  
Death will break the prison gate,  
And admit us to our homes.



HE SHALL COME

140.

**S**ING to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Ye tribes of every tongue ;  
His new-discover'd grace demands  
A new and nobler song.

2 Heralds, commission'd from the skies,  
The glorious name display :  
Ye mountains, sink ; ye valleys, rise :  
Prepare the Lord his way.

3 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,  
God's own Almighty Son :  
His power the sinking world sustains,  
And grace surrounds his throne.

4 Behold, he comes ! he comes to bless  
The nations as their God :  
To show the world his righteousness,  
And send his truth abroad.

141.

**M**ESSIAH ! at thy glad approach,  
The howling wilds are still ;  
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,  
And breathe from ev'ry hill.

2 The hidden fountains, at thy call,  
Their sacred stores unlock ;  
Loud in the desert, sudden streams  
Burst living from the rock.

3 The incense of the spring ascends  
Upon the morning gale :  
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,  
The lilies in the vale.

4 Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,  
A robe of beauty wears ;  
And in new heavens a brighter sun  
Leads on the promis'd years.

5 The kingdom of Messiah come,  
Appointed times disclose ;  
And fairer in Immanuel's land  
The new creation glows.

6 Let Israel to the Prince of peace  
The loud hosanna sing :  
*With hallelujahs, and with hymns,*  
O Zion, hail thy King !

## THE QUICK

142.

**H**ARK ! the song of Jubilee ;  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fulness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore :  
Hallelujah ! for the Lord,  
God omnipotent, shall reign ;  
Hallelujah ! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,  
From the centre to the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies :  
See Jehovah's banner furl'd,  
Sheath'd his sword : he speaks—'tis done,  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway ;  
He shall reign, when like a scroll  
Yonder heavens have pass'd away :  
Then the end ;—beneath his rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall ;  
*Hallelujah ! Christ in God,*  
*God in Christ, is all in all.*

AND THE DEAD.

143.

**L**O! HE comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain ;  
Thousand thousand, saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train :  
Hallelujah !  
Jesus shall for ever reign !

2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty :  
Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now Redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear !  
All his saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet him in the air :  
Hallelujah !  
See the day of God appear !

4 Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,  
High on thine eternal throne :  
Saviour, take the power and glory,  
Take the kingdoms for thine own.  
Hallelujah !  
*Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !*

144.

**T**HE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake,  
 The hills their fixed seat forsake ;  
 And, withering, from the vault of night  
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come ! but not the same  
 As once in lowly form he came,  
 A silent Lamb to slaughter led,  
 The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,  
 With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
 Anointed Judge of human-kind !

4 Can this be he who wont to stray  
 A pilgrim on the world's highway ;  
 By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride ?  
 Oh God ! is this the crucified ?

5 Go, tyrants ! to the rocks complain !  
 Go, seek the mountains cleft in vain !  
*But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,*  
*Shall sing for joy—The Lord is come !*

HE SHALL COME

145.

- T**HE day of wrath ! the dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day ?
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll ;  
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.
- 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou, oh Christ ! the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

146.

- A**ND will the Judge descend ?  
And must the dead arise ?  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven before his face,  
Astonished shrink away ?

## TO JUDGE

- 3 But ere that trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice,  
What joyful tidings spread ;
- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove  
By which the Saviour bled,  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head.

## 147.

**W**HILE conscious sinners tremble  
To hear the trumpet sound,  
That bids the dead assemble  
The judgment-seat around ;  
O then among the number  
May we the call obey,  
Who burst the bands of slumber  
To view a glorious day !

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

148.

**H**E reigns, the Lord the Saviour reigns !  
Praise him in loud angelic strains :  
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,  
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown,  
But grace and truth support his throne ;  
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,  
Justice is its eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo ! he comes !  
Shakes the wide earth and rends the tombs ;  
Before him burns devouring fire,  
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,  
Fly from the sight, and shun the day :  
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
And sing, for your redemption's nigh !



**I believe in the Holy Ghost.**

**149.**

**C**OME, Holy Ghost ! our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire ;  
Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart :  
Thy blessed unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2 Enable with perpetual light  
The darkness of our bounded sight ;  
Anoint our heart, and cheer our face  
With the abundance of thy grace ;  
Keep far our foes ; give peace at home ;  
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And thee of both, to be but One ;  
That, through the ages, all along,  
This, this may be our endless song :—  
Praise be to thine eternal merit,  
*O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !*

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.

150.

**C**REATOR Spirit! by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit every waiting mind,  
Come, pour thy joys on all mankind;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And makes us temples worthy thee.

2 Thou Strength of his Almighty hand,  
Whose power does heaven and earth command!  
Thrice Holy Fount! thrice Holy Fire!  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:  
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
Rich in thy seven-fold energy;  
Give us thyself that we may see  
The Father and the Son by thee;  
Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty Father's name:  
Let God the Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died:  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Spirit! paid to thee.

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.

151.

COME, Holy Spirit, come :  
Let thy bright beams arise ;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breast the flame  
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesu's blood ;  
And to our wond'ring view reveal  
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,  
And new-create the whole :

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts,  
Our minds from bondage free ;  
*Then shall we know, and praise, and love,*  
*The Father, Son, and Thee.*

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.

152.

**H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load !

The heart unchang'd can never rise  
To happiness and God.

2 The will perverse, the passions blind,  
In paths of ruin stray :  
Reason debas'd can never find  
The safe, the narrow way.

3 Can aught beneath a Pow'r Divine  
The stubborn will subdue ?  
'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine  
To form the heart anew.

4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,  
And upwards bid them rise ;  
And make the scales of error fall  
From reason's dark'ned eyes.

5 To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live,  
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
'Tis thine alone to give.

6 O shine into these hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine :  
*Let all our passions and our powers,*  
*Almighty Lord, be thine.*

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.

153.

**A** MAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)  
That saved a wretch like me :  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved ;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed !

3 Through many a danger, toil, and snare,  
I have already come ;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease ;  
I shall possess, within the vail,  
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine ;  
*But God, who called me here below,*  
*Will be for ever mine.*

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.

154.

- G**RACE! 'tis a joyful sound,  
Harmonious to the ear :  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way  
To save rebellious man ;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 'Twas grace that wrote my name  
In thy eternal book ;  
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,  
Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace led my wand'ring feet  
To tread the heavenly road ;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 5 Grace taught my soul to pray,  
And made my eyes o'erflow ;  
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go.
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days ;  
*It lays in heaven the topmost stone,*  
And well deserves the praise.

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.

155.

WHO can describe the joys which rise  
Through all the courts of Paradise,  
To see a prodigal return,  
To see an heir of glory born !

2 With joy the Father doth approve  
The fruit of his eternal love ;  
The Son with joy looks down and sees  
The purchase of his agonies ;

3 The Spirit takes delight to view  
The holy soul he forms anew :  
And saints and angels join to sing  
The growing empire of their King.

156.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound  
Of thy salvation, Lord ;  
But still how weak my faith is found,  
And knowledge of thy word.

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,  
And hear almost in vain :  
*How small a portion of thy grace*  
*My memory can retain.*

**I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.**

- 3 How cold and feeble is my love,  
How negligent my fear ;  
How low my hope of joys above,  
How few affections there.
- 4 O God, thy sov'reign power impart  
To give thy word success ;  
Write thy salvation in my heart,  
And make me learn thy grace.
- 5 Guide my forgetful feet the way,  
That leads to joys on high :  
There knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.

**157.**

**L**ORD, teach us how to pray aright,  
With reverence and with fear ;  
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,  
We may—we must draw near :  
We perish if we cease from prayer ;  
O grant us power to pray !  
And, when to meet thee we prepare,  
Lord, meet us by the way.



**I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.**

- 2 Burthen'd with guilt, convinc'd of sin,  
In weakness, want, and woe,  
Fightings without, and fears within,  
Lord, whither shall we go ?  
God of all grace, we come to thee,  
For broken, contrite hearts :  
Give, what thine eye delights to see,  
Truth in the inward parts.
- 3 Give deep humility—the sense  
Of godly sorrow give—  
A strong desiring confidence  
To see thy face and live—  
Faith in the only sacrifice  
That can for sin atone,  
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,  
On Christ—on Christ alone:
- 4 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,  
Though mercy long delay—  
Courage our fainting souls to keep,  
And trust thee, though thou slay ;—  
Give these—and then thy will be done ;  
Thus strengthen'd with all might,  
We, by thy Spirit through thy Son,  
Shall pray, and pray aright.

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.

158.

**F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,  
My Saviour and my shield;  
He sends his Spirit with his word,  
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,  
He makes my soul his care,  
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,  
And guards me thro' the war.

3 A Friend and helper so divine  
Doth my weak courage raise;  
He makes the glorious victory mine,  
And his shall be the praise.

159.

**M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust:  
Lord, give me life divine;  
From vain desires, and every lust,  
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace  
To speed me in thy way,  
*Lest I should loiter in my race,*  
Or turn my feet astray.

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.

- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,  
I need thy quick'ning powers ;  
Thy word that I have rested on  
Shall help my heaviest hours.
- 4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still ?  
And thou a faithful God ?  
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal  
To run the heavenly road ?
- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,  
And long to see thy face ?  
And yet how slow my spirits move  
Without enlivening grace.
- 6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,  
And ne'er forget thy word,  
When I have felt its quick'ning power  
To draw me near the Lord.

160.

O FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame ;  
*A light to shine upon the road*  
*That leads me to the Lamb !*

**I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.**

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
    When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
    Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd ;  
    How sweet their memory still !  
But now I find an aching void,  
    Which God alone can fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
    Sweet messenger of rest !  
I hate the sins that make me mourn,  
    That drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
    Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to bear it from thy throne  
    And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
    Calm and serene my frame ;  
And light divine mark out the road  
    That leads me to the Lamb.

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.

161.

**W**HY should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days ?  
Great Comforter, descend, and bring  
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,  
And seal the heirs of heaven ?  
When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
And show my sins forgiven ?

3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood ;  
And bear thy witness with my heart,  
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
The pledge of joys to come ;  
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
Will safe convey me home.

162.

**T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord ;  
*In every star thy wisdom shines ;*  
*But when our eyes behold thy word,*  
*We read thy Name in fairer lines.*

## I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days, thy power confess ;  
But the blest Volume thou hast writ  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest  
Till through the world thy truth has run ;  
Till Christ has all the nations blest  
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise !  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light :  
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 5 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven ;  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

## 163.

- I** LOVE the sacred book of God,  
No other can its place supply ;  
It points me to the saints' abode,  
It gives me wings, and bids me fly,
- 2 Sweet book ! in thee my eyes discern  
The image of my absent Lord ;  
From thine illumin'd page I learn  
The joys his presence will afford.

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.

- 3 In thee I read my title clear  
    To mansions that will ne'er decay;  
My Lord ! O when will he appear,  
    And bear his prisoner far away !
- 4 Then shall I need thy light no more,  
    For nothing shall be then conceal'd :  
When I have reach'd the heav'nly shore,  
    The Lord himself will stand reveal'd.
- 5 When midst the throng celestial plac'd,  
    The bright original I see,  
From which thy sacred page was trac'd,  
    Sweet book ! I've no more need of thee.

164.

- H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,  
    And guard their lives from sin ?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,  
    To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,  
    It spreads such light abroad,  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
    And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,  
    That guides us all the day ;  
*And through* the dangers of the night  
    A lamp to lead our way.

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.

- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth ;  
How pure is every page ;  
Oh ! may it guide our earliest youth,  
And cheer our latest age.

165.

FATHER of mercies, in thy Word  
What endless glory shines !  
For ever be thy name ador'd  
For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find ;  
Riches, above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.

- 3 Here springs of consolation rise  
To cheer the fainting mind :  
And thirsting souls receive supplies,  
And sweet refreshment find.

- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around ;  
And life, and everlasting joys,  
Attend the blissful sound.

- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
*Be thou for ever near ;*  
*Teach me to love thy sacred word,*  
*And view my Saviour there.*



I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.

166.

- O** SPIRIT of the living God !  
In all thy plentitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;  
Confusion, order in thy path ;  
Souls without strength inspire with might ;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 3 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh,  
The triumphs of the cross record ;  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every kindred call him Lord.
- 4 God from eternity hath will'd,  
All flesh shall his salvation see ;  
So be the Father's love fulfill'd,  
The Saviour's sufferings crown'd, through Thee.

**The Holy Catholic Church.**

**167.**

**G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God!

He, whose word cannot be broken,  
Form'd thee for his own abode.

On the rock of ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou art safe from all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.  
Who can faint, while such a river  
Ever flows, their thirst to assuage,  
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

3 Saviour! if of Zion's city  
I through grace a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in thy name:  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know.

168.

**O** ISRAEL, blest beyond compare !  
Unrivalled all thy glories are ;  
Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,  
And calls thine interest all his own.

2 He is thy Saviour, he thy Lord,  
His shield is thine, and thine his sword :  
Review, in ecstasy of thought,  
The grand redemption he has wrought.

3 From Satan's yoke he sets thee free,  
Opens thy passage through the sea ;  
He through the desert is thy guide,  
And heaven for Canaan will provide.

4 Not Jacob's sons of old could boast  
Such favours to their chosen host ;  
Their glories which through ages shine,  
Are but dim shades and types of thine.

5 Celestial Spirit, teach our tongue  
Sublimier strains than Moses sung ;  
Proportioned to the sweeter name  
Of God the Saviour and the Lamb.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

169.

**A**RISE, O King of Grace, arise,  
And enter to thy rest ;  
Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes  
Thus to be own'd and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,  
Thy Spirit and thy Word :  
All that the ark did once contain  
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,  
Here let thy praise be spread ;  
Bless the provisions of thy house,  
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign ;  
Let God's anointed shine ;  
Justice and truth his court maintain,  
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne ;  
And, as his kingdom grows,  
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,  
And shame confound his foes.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

170.

**H**HEAD of the Church triumphant,  
We joyfully adore thee ;  
Till thou appear, thy members here  
Shall sing like those in glory.  
We lift our hearts and voices  
With blest anticipation,  
And cry aloud, and give to God  
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,  
And passing through the fire,  
Thy love we praise, which tries our ways,  
And ever brings us nigher :  
We clap our hands exulting  
In thine Almighty favour ;  
The love divine, that made us thine,  
Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people  
Through torrents of temptation ;  
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation ;  
The world, with sin and Satan,  
In vain our march opposes ;  
By thee we shall break through them all,  
*And sing the Song of Moses.*

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

- 4 By faith we see the glory,  
To which thou shalt restore us :  
The world despise, for that high prize,  
Which thou hast set before us.  
And if thou count us worthy,  
We each, as dying Stephen,  
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,  
To take us up to heaven !

171.

- H**OW beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill ;  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice ;  
How sweet the tidings are !  
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King :  
He reigns and triumphs here !"
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes  
That see this heavenly Light !  
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
*But died without the sight.*

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
Their ensigns wave on high ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad ;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

172.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;  
We plead for those who plead for thee ;  
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 Clothe, Lord, with energy divine,  
Their words, and let those words be thine ;  
To them thy sacred truth reveal ;  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed ;  
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain,  
Souls that will well reward their pain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around  
*Hear from their lips the joyful sound :*  
*In humble strains thy grace implore,*  
*And feel thy new-creating power.*

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

173.

**Y**E servants of God,  
Your master proclaim,  
And publish abroad  
His wonderful name ;  
The name all victorious  
Of Jesus extol ;  
His kingdom is glorious,  
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,  
Almighty to save ;  
And still he is nigh,  
His presence we have :  
The great congregation  
His triumphs shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation  
To Jesus our king.

3 Salvation to God  
Who sits on the throne,  
Let all cry aloud,  
And honour the Son ;  
Immanuel's praises  
The angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces,  
And worship the Lamb.



## THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

- 4 Then let us adore,  
And give him his right,  
All honour, and power,  
And wisdom and might;  
All glory and blessing,  
With angels above,  
And thanks never-ceasing,  
For infinite love!

## 174.

- N**OW let our mourning hearts revive,  
And all our tears be dry;  
Why should these eyes be drown'd in grief,  
Which view a Saviour nigh?
- 2 What though the arm of conquering death  
Does God's own house invade?  
What though the prophet and the priest  
Be number'd with the dead?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds cease to feed,  
And guard their flocks along,  
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,  
And mute the instructive tongue.
- 4 The eternal Shepherd still survives,  
New comfort to impart:  
*His eye still guides us, and his voice  
Still animates our heart.*

## THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

- 5 "Lo I am with you," saith the LORD :  
    " My church shall safe abide ;  
    " For I will ne'er forsake my own,  
    " Whose souls in me confide."
- 6 Through every scene of life and death,  
    This promise is our trust ;  
And this shall be our children's song,  
    When we are gone to dust.

## 175.

- B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow  
    The gladly solemn sound,  
Let all the nations know  
    To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 2 Extol the Lamb of God,  
    The great atoning Lamb ;  
Redemption in his blood  
    Throughout the world proclaim ;  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought  
    Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
    The gift of Jesu's love :  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

## THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive ;  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live.  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 5 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace ;  
Ye happy souls draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face.  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return to your eternal home !

## 176.

**A**PPROACH, ye wandering, outcast poor,  
Behold the royal feast,  
Where Mercy spreads a bounteous store,  
And welcomes every guest.

- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;  
He calls, he bids you come ;  
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,  
But, see, there yet is room :
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,  
There love and pity meet ;  
Nor will he bid the soul depart,  
That trembles at his feet.

## THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

- 4 In him the Father reconcil'd,  
Invites your soul to come :  
The rebel shall be call'd a child,  
And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste  
The blessings of his love ;  
While hope attends the sweet repast  
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice,  
Before the eternal throne,  
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice  
In bliss before unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more  
Are welcome still to come :  
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,  
Approach, there yet is room.

## 177.

- H**APPY the child whose tender years  
Receive instruction well :  
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 'Twill save us from a thousand snares  
To mind religion young ;  
Grace will preserve our riper years,  
And make our virtue strong.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

- 3 To thee, Almighty God, to thee,  
Our childhood we resign :  
Thy love in Christ our portion be ;  
And our whole lives be thine.
- 4 Let the blest work of prayer and praise  
Betimes employ our breath ;  
Thus we're prepar'd for length of days,  
Or fit for early death.

178.

- W**HEN Jesus to the temple came,  
The voice of praise was heard ;  
The very children own'd his claim,  
And in his train appear'd :
- 2 Hosannas made the temple ring ;  
For many tongues agreed :  
Hosanna to the heavenly King ;  
To David's holy Seed !
- 3 Lord, let the joy be now renew'd  
When children sing thy praise ;  
Thou art as powerful and good,  
As in the former days.
- 4 O sanctify our children's hearts,  
And this will teach their tongues :  
*The love that heavenly truth imparts,  
Shall animate their songs.*

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

179.

**C**HILDREN once were heard to sing,  
When so many silent were ;  
Glad they welcom'd Israel's King,  
And hosannas fill'd the air.

2 Count us not, O Lord, too bold,  
If we try our song to raise ;  
Children we, like those of old,  
Taught, like them, to lisp thy praise.

3 Jesus, hail ! we sing of thee ;  
Welcome to thine house of prayer :  
Let our hearts thy temple be ;  
Lord, set up thy kingdom there.

4 Make us wise thy name to know :  
Let us feel thy power and love :  
Ours to serve thee, Lord, below ;  
And to dwell with thee above :

5 There to sing hosannas loud ;  
There a Saviour's praise to sing ;  
*Mix with yonder joyful crowd,*  
And for ever praise our king.

180.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,  
Much we need thy tender care ;

In thy pleasant pasture feed us ;

For our use thy folds prepare :

Blessed Jesus !

Thou hast bought us—thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us ;

Be the guardian of our way ;

Keep thy flock ; from sin defend us ;

Seek us when we go astray :

Blessed Jesus,

Hear young children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promis'd to receive us,

Poor and sinful though we be ;

Thou hast mercy to relieve us,

Grace to cleanse, and power to free :

Blessed Jesus,

Early let us turn to thee.

4 Early would we seek thy favour,

Early would we do thy will ;

Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,

With thyself our bosoms fill ;

Blessed Jesus,

*Thou hast loved us, love us still.*

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

181.

**A** GAIN our infant bands unite,  
And to thy courts repair ;  
Help us to worship thee aright :  
Accept our praise and prayer.

2 To thee, O Lord, our life we owe,  
And health, and daily food ;  
From thee unnumber'd blessings flow,  
The Giver of all good.

3 But, most of all, we praise thy name,  
For Jesus' boundless love ;  
That he, to save us sinners, came  
Down from thy throne above.

4 Oh may we serve thee as we ought,  
Thro' life, from earliest youth,  
And seek thee as thou wouldst be sought,  
In Spirit, and in Truth.

5 As on the day of Pentecost,  
Bestow thy grace divine ;  
Baptize us with the Holy Ghost,  
And make us ever thine.



182.

**A**ROUND the throne of God in heaven,  
Ten thousand children stand,  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band.

2 What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?  
How came those children there?

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood  
To wash away their sin;  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean.

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved his name;  
And now they see his blessed face  
And stand before the Lamb.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

183.

**J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journies run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And princes throng to crown his head ;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice ;

3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

184.

O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness,  
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze ;  
All the promises do travail,  
With a glorious day of grace :  
Blessed jubilee,  
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,  
Let the rude Barbarian see,  
That divine and glorious conquest,  
Once obtain'd on Calvary ;  
Let the gospel  
Word resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,  
Let them have the glorious light,  
And from eastern coast to western,  
May the morning chase the night,  
And redemption,  
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,  
Win and conquer, never cease ;  
May thy lasting wide dominion  
Multiply, and still increase ;  
May thy sceptre  
Sway the enlighten'd world around.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

185.

**M**Y soul, with sacred joy survey  
The glories of the latter day ;  
Its dawn already seems begun,  
Sure earnest of the rising sun.

2 The friends of truth assembled stand,  
A chosen, consecrated band,  
The standard of the cross display,  
And cry aloud, " Behold the way !"

3 " Behold the way to Zion's hill,  
" Where Israel's God delights to dwell ;  
" He fixes there his lofty throne,  
" And calls the sacred place his own,"

4 The north " gives up," the south no more  
" Keeps back" her consecrated store ;  
From east to west the message runs,  
And either India yields her sons.

5 Auspicious dawn ! thy rising ray  
With joy I view, and hail the day ;  
Thou sun, arise, supremely bright,  
And fill the world with purest light.

186.

**H**ARK ! the solemn trumpet sounding,  
Loud proclaims the jubilee ;  
'Tis the voice of grace abounding,  
Grace to sinners rich and free ;  
Ye who know the joyful sound,  
Publish it to all around.

2 Were you once at awful distance,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God ?  
Could no arm afford assistance,  
Nothing save but Jesu's blood ?  
Think how many still are found  
Strangers to the joyful sound.

3 Brethren, join in supplication,  
Join to plead before the Lord ;  
'Tis his arm that brings salvation,  
He alone can give the word ;  
Father, let thy kingdom come,  
Bring thy wand'ring outcasts home.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

187.

**H**ARK ! what mean those lamentations,  
Rolling sadly through the sky !  
’Tis the cry of heathen nations,  
“ Come, and help us, or we die ! ”

2 Hear the heathen’s sad complaining ;  
Christians, hear their dying cry ;  
And, the love of Christ constraining,  
Join to help them, ere they die.

188.

**C**HRISTIANS, the glorious hope we know,  
Which soothes the heart in every woe,  
While heathens helpless, hopeless lie ;  
No ray of glory meets their eye :  
—O give to their desiring sight  
The hope that Jesus brought to light !

2 Christians, ye taste the heavenly grace,  
Which cheers believers in their race ;  
Uncheer’d by grace, through heathen gloom,  
See millions hastening to the tomb :  
—To heathen lands that grace convey,  
Which trains the soul for endless day.

## THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

- 3 Christians, ye prize the Saviour's blood,  
In which the soul is cleansed for God ;  
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,  
Uncleansed from sin—exposed to hell :  
—O strive that heathens soon may view  
That precious blood, which cleanseth you !

189.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile :  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown,  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

## THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
    With Wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
    The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation ! oh, Salvation !  
    The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
    Has learn'd Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
    And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till like a sea of glory,  
    It spreads from pole to pole :  
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,  
    The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
    In bliss returns to reign !



## **The Communion of Saints.**

190.

**B**LEST are the souls that hear and know  
The Gospel's joyful sound ;  
Peace shall attend the path they go,  
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
Through their Redeemer's Name :  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives,  
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,  
Thy God for ever lives.

191.

**L**ORD of the worlds above !  
How pleasant and how fair,  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thine earthly temples are !  
*To thine abode my heart aspires,  
With warm desires to see my God.*

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 2      O happy souls that pray  
        Where God delights to hear !  
        O happy men that pay  
        Their constant service there !  
They praise thee still ; and happy they,  
Who love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3      They go from strength to strength,  
        Through this dark vale of tears ;  
        Till each o'ercomes at length,  
        Till each in heaven appears.  
O glorious seat ! our God and King,  
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.
- 4      God is our Sun and Shield,  
        Our light and our defence ;  
        With gifts his hands are fill'd ;  
        We draw our blessings thence :  
He shall bestow on Israel's race  
His saving grace and glory too.
- 5      The Lord his people loves ;  
        His hand no good withholds,  
        From those whom he approves,  
        From holy, humble souls ;  
Thrice happy he, O Lord of Hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee !

192.

**H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,  
My panting heart cries out for God ;  
My God ! my King ! why should I be  
So far from all my joys and thee ?
- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place,  
Within the temple of thy grace ;  
There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Sion's gate ;  
God is their strength, and, through the road,  
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length :  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

193.

**S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest :  
No more let cares disturb my breast ;  
But all my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word ;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine ;  
How deep thy counsels, how divine !

194.

**J**ESUS, where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy-seat :  
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,  
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,  
Inhabitest the humble mind :  
Such ever bring thee where they come,  
And going, take thee to their home.

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 3 Dear Shepherd, in thy name we meet ;  
Thy former mercies here repeat ;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care ;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;  
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear :  
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts thine own !

## 195.

COME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While you surround the Throne.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing,  
Who never knew our God ;  
But children of the heavenly King,  
May speak their joys abroad.

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 3    The men of grace have found  
      Glory begun below ;  
      Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
      From faith and hope may grow.
- 4    The hill of Sion yields  
      A thousand sacred sweets ;  
      Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
      Or walk the golden streets.
- 5    There we shall see his face,  
      And never, never sin ;  
      There from the rivers of his grace  
      Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6    Then let our songs abound,  
      And every tear be dry ;  
      We're marching through Emmanuel's  
      ground,  
      To fairer worlds on high !

196.

**T**HE King of heaven his table spreads,  
      And blessings crown the board ;  
      Not Paradise, with all its joys,  
      *Could such delight afford.*

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 2 Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed  
In sin's dark mazes, come :  
Come from the hedges and highways,  
And grace shall find you room.
- 3 Millions of souls in glory now,  
Were fed and feasted here ;  
And millions more, still on the way,  
Around the board appear.
- 4 Yet are his house and heart so large,  
That millions more may come ;  
Nor could the wide, assembling world,  
O'er-fill the spacious room.
- 5 All things are ready, come away,  
Nor weak excuses frame ;  
Crowd to your places at the feast,  
And bless the Founder's name.

197.

**A** WAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb ;  
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue  
To praise the Saviour's name.

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Sing of his dying love ;  
Sing of his rising power ;  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For those whose sins he bore.

Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;  
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day  
In Christ, the eternal King.

Soon shall we hear him say—  
“Ye blessed children, come :”  
Soon will he call us hence away,  
And take his pilgrims home.

Soon shall the enraptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices swell the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

## 198.

WHEN Israel, by divine command,  
The pathless desert trod,  
They found, through all the dreary land,  
A sure resource in God.



## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 2 A cloudy pillar marked their road,  
And screen'd them from the heat ;  
From the hard rocks the water flowed,  
And manna was their meat.
- 3 Like them, we have a rest in view,  
Secure from adverse powers ;  
Like them, we pass a desert too,  
But Israel's God is ours.
- 4 His word a light before us spreads,  
By which our path we see ;  
His love a banner, o'er our heads,  
From harm preserves us free.
- 5 Jesus, the bread of life, is given,  
To be our daily food ;  
We drink a wondrous stream from heav'  
'Tis water, wine, and blood.
- 6 Lord, 'tis enough, I ask no more,  
These blessings are divine ;  
I envy not the worldling's store,  
If Christ and heaven are mine.

## 199.

FROM Egypt lately come,  
Where death and darkness reign,  
We seek our new, our better home,  
Where we our rest shall gain.  
Hallelujah !  
We are on our way to God.

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 2 Our toils and conflicts cease  
On Canaan's happy shore ;  
We there shall dwell in endless peace,  
And never hunger more.  
Hallelujah !—&c.
- 3 There, in celestial strains,  
Enraptur'd myriads sing ;  
There love in every bosom reigns,  
For God himself is King.  
Hallelujah !—&c.
- 4 We soon shall join the throng,  
Their pleasures we shall share ;  
And sing the everlasting song,  
With all the ransom'd there.  
Hallelujah !—&c.

## 200.

THE favour'd saints of God,  
His messengers and seers,  
The narrow path of suffering trod,  
And walk'd this vale of tears.

- 2 Through sore afflictions pass'd  
To better worlds above ;  
And more than conquer'd all at last,  
Through our Redeemer's love.

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 3 Sufferers, like them, beneath,  
Through much distress and pain,  
Through various toils of sin and death,  
We come with them to reign.
- 4 Jesus, our glorious King,  
Shall wipe our tears away,  
And call us up his praise to sing;  
In everlasting day.
- 5 The joys unspeakable  
That from thy presence flow,  
The fulness here we cannot tell,  
But, Lord, we die to know.

## 201.

- WHY those fears? behold the Saviour  
Holds the helm, and guides the ship:  
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes  
Sent to waft us through the deep,  
To the regions  
Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Though the shore we hope to land on  
Only by report is known,  
Yet we freely all abandon,  
Led by that report alone;  
And with Jesus  
Through the trackless deep move on.

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 3 Led by that, we brave the ocean ;  
Led by that, the storms defy ;  
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,  
Knowing that our Lord is nigh :  
Waves obey him,  
And the storms before him fly.
- 4 Render'd safe by his protection,  
We shall pass the wat'ry waste ;  
Trusting to his wise direction,  
We shall gain the port at last ;  
And with wonder,  
Think on toils and dangers past.
- 5 O what pleasures there await us !  
There the tempests cease to roar :  
There it is that those who hate us  
Can molest our peace no more :  
Trouble ceases  
On that tranquil, happy shore.

## 202.

**Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take ;  
Loud to the praise of love divine,  
Bid every string awake.

- 2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home,  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 3 His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine ;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 Fasten'd within the veil,  
Hope be your anchor strong ;  
His loving Spirit the sweet gale  
That wafts you smooth along.
- 5 Or, should the surges rise,  
And peace delay to come ;  
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,  
That drives us nearer home.
- 6 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at his control :  
His loving-kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.

## 203.

- A**WAKE our souls, away our fears,  
Let every trembling thought be gone :  
Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
That feeds the strength of every saint.—

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 3 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode :  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

## 204.

- W**HEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of his love :  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name  
In life's fair book set down ;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine  
My sins on Jesus laid ;  
Sweet to remember that his blood  
My debt of suffering paid.

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,  
Which saves from second death ;  
Sweet to experience, day by day,  
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.
- 6 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,  
That when my change shall come,  
Angels will hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home.
- 7 If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from thee ?

## 205.

- C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing :  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod :  
They are happy now—and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye ransom'd flock, and bless'd !  
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest :  
There your seat is now prepared ;  
There your kingdom and reward.

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

4 Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand  
On the borders of your land :  
Jesus Christ, God's only Son,  
Bids you undismay'd go on.

5 Lord, submissive may we go,  
Gladly leaving all below :  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

## 206.

**T**HOU art gone to the grave ! but we will not  
deplore thee,

Though sorrow and darkness encompass the  
tomb :

Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal before  
thee,

And the lamp of his love is thy guide through  
the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer  
behold thee,

Nor tread the rough path of the world by  
thy side ;

But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to  
enfold thee,

And sinners may die, for the sinless has  
died.



## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 3 Thou art gone to the grave ! and, its mansion  
forsaking,  
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd  
long ;  
But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy  
waking,  
And the sound which thou heardest was the  
Seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not  
deplore thee,  
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian  
and guide ;  
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore  
thee ;  
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has  
died !

## 207.

COME, let us join our friends above  
That have obtain'd the prize,  
And on the wings of faith and love  
To joys celestial rise :  
Let saints on earth in concert sing,  
With those to glory gone ;  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and heaven, are one.

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 2 One family, we dwell in him,  
    One church, above, beneath,  
    Though now divided by the stream,  
    The narrow stream, of death :  
One army of the living God,  
    To his command we bow ;  
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,  
    And part are crossing now.
- 3 His militant embodied host,  
    With wishful looks we stand,  
    And long to see that happy coast,  
    And reach the heavenly land.  
Appear, our Captain, and our Guide,  
    And let the word be given ;  
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,  
    And lead us safe to heaven.

**208.**

- O** BLESSED souls are they  
Whose sins are cover'd o'er ;  
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord  
Imputes their guilt no more !
- 2 They mourn their follies past,  
And keep their hearts with care ;  
Their lips and lives, without deceit,  
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,  
I felt the festering wound,  
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,  
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,  
Let saints keep near the throne,  
Our help in times of deep distress  
Is found in God alone.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

209.

**O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.

3 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

4 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;  
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

5 O may thy love inspire my tongue !  
Salvation shall be all my song ;  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

## THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

### 210.

**M**Y former hopes are dead,  
My terror now begins ;  
I feel, alas ! that I am dead  
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah ! whither shall I fly ?  
I hear the thunder roar ;  
The law proclaims destruction nigh,  
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,  
I dread impending doom ;  
But sure a friendly whisper says,  
“ Flee from the wrath to come.”

4 I see, or think I see,  
A glimm’ring from afar ;  
A beam of day that shines for me,  
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,  
It marks the pilgrim’s way,  
I’ll gaze upon it while I run,  
And watch the rising day.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

211.

**M**INE eyes and my desire  
Are ever to the Lord ;  
I love to plead his promises,  
And rest upon his word.

From the first dawning light,  
Till the dark evening rise,  
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait  
With ever-longing eyes.

Remember all thy grace,  
And lead me in thy truth ;  
Forgive the sins of riper days,  
And follies of my youth.

O keep my soul from death,  
Nor put my hope to shame,  
For I have plac'd my only trust  
In my Redeemer's name.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

212.

**P**EACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan  
Hath taught each scene the note of woe;  
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,  
And let thy tears forget to flow.  
Behold, the precious balm is found,  
Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd,  
Unburthen here the weighty load;  
Here find thy refuge, and thy rest,  
Safe on the bosom of thy God:  
Thy God 's thy Saviour, glorious word!  
That sheathes the avenger's glitt'ring sword.

3 As spring the winter, day the night,  
Peace sorrow's gloom shall chase away;  
And smiling joy, a seraph bright,  
Shall tend thy steps, and near thee stay,  
While glory weaves the immortal crown,  
And waits to claim thee for her own.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

213.

- O** LOVE! thou bottomless abyss,  
My sins are swallow'd up in thee ;  
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,  
From condemnation I am free :  
Whilst Jesus' blood through earth and skies,  
"Mercy, free, boundless mercy!" cries.
- 2 By faith I plunge me in that sea ;  
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;  
Hither when hell assails I flee ;  
Flee to my Saviour's wounded breast :  
Away, sad doubts and anxious fear,  
"Mercy" is all that's written here.
- 3 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,  
Though strength, and health, and friends be  
gone ;  
Though joys be wither'd all and dead,  
Though every comfort be withdrawn ;  
Steadfast on this my soul relies,  
Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 4 Fix'd on this ground would I remain,  
Though my heart fail and flesh decay ;  
This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
When earth's foundations melt away ;  
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
Loved with an everlasting love.



THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

214.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
This is your accepted hour,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, full of power :  
He is able,  
He is willing ; doubt no more.

2 Come ! ye needy, come and welcome ;  
God's free bounty glorify :  
True belief, and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh,  
Priceless graces,  
Without money, come and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruin'd by the fall ;  
If you tarry till you're better  
You will never come at all ;  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Lo ! the incarnate God ascended,  
Pleads the merits of his blood :  
Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude ;  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

## THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

- 5 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name ;  
Hallelujah !  
Sinners here may sing the same.

## 215.

GENTILES by nature, we belong  
To the wild olive wood ;  
Grace took us from the barren tree,  
And grafts us in the good.

- 2 With the same blessings grace endows  
The Gentile and the Jew ;  
If pure and holy be the root,  
Such are the branches too.

- 3 Then let the children of the saints  
Be dedicate to God ;  
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,  
And wash them in thy blood.

- 4 Thus to the parents and their seed  
Shall thy salvation come,  
And numerous households meet at last  
In one eternal home.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

216.

**T**HUS saith the mercy of the Lord,  
“I’ll be a God to thee ;  
“I’ll bless thy numerous race, and they  
“Shall be a seed for me.”

2 Abra’m believ’d the promis’d grace,  
And gave his sons to God ;  
But water seals the blessing now,  
That once was seal’d with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,  
When she receiv’d the word ;  
Thus the believing jailor gave  
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, Eternal King,  
Thine ancient truth embrace,  
To thee their infant offspring bring,  
And humbly claim thy grace.

217.

**B**EHOLD what condescending love  
Jesus on earth displays ;  
To babes and sucklings he extends  
The riches of his grace.

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,  
To our forefathers given ;  
Young children in his arms he takes,  
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 "Permit them to approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble name ;  
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
"The Lord of angels came."

4 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hands,  
And yield them up to thee ;  
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.

## **The Resurrection of the Body.**

218.

**B**ENEATH our feet and o'er our head  
Is equal warning given ;  
Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
Above us is the heaven.

2 Their names are graven on the stone,  
Their bones are in the clay ;  
And ere another day is gone,  
Ourselves may be as they.

3 Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger know ;  
Where'er thy foot can tread  
The earth rings hollow from below,  
And warns thee of her dead.

4 Turn, Christian, turn ! thy soul apply  
To truths divinely given ;  
The dead that underneath thee lie  
Shall live for hell or heaven.

## THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

219.

**W**HAT sinners value, I resign ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world to which I go,  
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
When shall I wake and find me there ?

3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
I shall be near and like my God !  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

## THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

220.

**H**OW long shall death the tyrant reign,  
And triumph o'er the just,  
While the rich blood of martyrs slain,  
Lies mingled with the dust !

2 I see the Lord of glory come,  
And flaming guards around ;  
The skies divide to make him room,  
The trumpet shakes the ground.

3 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise !"   
And, lo, the graves obey ;  
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,  
Salute the expected day.

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing  
Rise to the middle air ;  
In shining garments meet their King,  
And low adore him there.

5 O may my humble spirit stand  
Amongst them, clothed in white !  
The meanest place at his right hand  
Is infinite delight.

## THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

### 221.

**W**HY do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the Redeemer's body lay,  
And angels cheer'd the gloom.

3 The graves of all the saints he bless'd,  
And soften'd every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying Head?

4 Thence he arose ascending high,  
And show'd our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly  
At the great rising day.

5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise;  
Awake, ye nations under ground,  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.



## THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

222.

**A** WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,  
And raise your voices high ;  
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,  
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies,  
Each moment brings it near ;  
Then welcome each declining day !  
Welcome each closing year !

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,  
Nor many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand revealed  
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course :  
Ye mortal powers decay ;  
Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
Ye bring eternal day.

**And the life everlasting.**

**223.**

**W**HEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,  
And storms of sorrow fall ;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

224.

- L**ORD, what a wretched land is this,  
That yields us no supply,  
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,  
Nor streams of living joy.
- 2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,  
And mortal poisons grow ;  
And all the rivers that are found,  
With dangerous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode  
Lies thro' this horrid land ;  
Lord, we would keep the heavenly road,  
And run at thy command.
- 4 Our journey is a thorny maze,  
But we march upward still ;  
Forget these troubles of the ways,  
And reach at Zion's hill.
- 5 There on a green and flowery mount  
Our weary souls shall sit,  
And with transporting joys recount  
The labours of our feet.
- 6 Eternal glories to the King  
That brought us safely through,  
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,  
And endless praise renew.

225.

- T**HE promis'd land of peace  
Faith keeps in constant view :  
How different from the wilderness  
We now are passing through.
- 2 Here often from our eyes  
Clouds hide the light divine ;  
There we shall have unclouded skies,  
Our sun will always shine.
- 3 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,  
And fears distress us sore ;  
But there eternal pleasure reigns,  
And we shall weep no more.
- 4 Lord, pardon our complaints :  
We follow at thy call ;  
The joy prepar'd for suffering saints  
Will make amends for all.

226.

- A**WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on :  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

## AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey :  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's own animating voice  
That calls thee from on high ;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,  
Have I my race begun ;  
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet  
I'll lay my honours down.

## 227.

- G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourners here below,  
And pour'd out cries and tears :  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
  - 3 I ask them whence their victory came :  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to his death.

AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,  
His zeal inspired their breast ;  
And following their incarnate God,  
They gained the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For his own pattern given ;  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven.

228.

- O WHERE shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul ?  
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole :  
The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh ;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 2 Beyond this vale of tears,  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;  
And all that life is love :—  
There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around “ the second death ! ”

AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

- 3 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,  
And evermore undone :  
Here would we end our quest ;  
Alone are found in thee,  
The life of perfect love—the rest  
Of immortality.

229.

- LORD, I believe a rest remains,  
To all thy people known,  
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And thou art loved alone.
- 2 Celestial Spirit, make me know,  
That I shall enter in :  
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,  
And wash me from my sin.
- 3 Remove this hardness from my heart,  
This unbelief remove :  
To me the rest of faith impart,  
The Sabbath of thy love.

AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

- 4 Come, O my Saviour, come away !  
    Into my soul descend ;  
    No longer from thy creature stay,  
    My Author and my End !
- 5 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
    And seal me thine abode :  
    Let all I am in thee be lost ;  
    Let all be lost in God.

230.

**W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun  
    Hasted through the former year,  
    Many souls their race have run,  
    Never more to meet us here :  
    Fixed in an eternal state,  
    They have done with all below ;  
    We a little longer wait,  
    But how little—none can know.

- 2 As the winged arrow flies,  
    Speedily the mark to find ;  
    As the lightning from the skies  
    Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;  
    Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
    Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
    Upwards Lord our spirits raise,  
    All below is but a dream.



## AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
Pardon of our sins renew :  
Teach us, henceforth, how to live  
With eternity in view :  
Bless thy word to young and old,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with thee above.

## 231.

- T**IME, with an unwearied hand,  
Pushes round the seasons past ;  
And in life's frail glass the sand  
Sinks apace, not long to last :  
Wretched they and most forlorn,  
Who no better portion know ;  
Better ne'er to have been born,  
Than to have our all below.
- 2 When constrained to go alone,  
Leaving all we love behind,  
Entering on a world unknown,  
What will then support the mind ?  
When the Lord his summons sends,  
Earthly comforts lose their power ;  
Honour, riches, kindred, friends,  
Cannot cheer a dying hour.

AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

- 3 Happy souls who fear the Lord :  
Time is not too swift for you ;  
When your Saviour gives the word,  
Glad you'll bid the world adieu :  
Then he'll wipe away your tears,  
Near himself appoint your place ;  
Swifter fly, ye rolling years,  
Lord, we long to see thy face !

232.

- AND let this feeble body fail,  
And let it droop and die ;  
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,  
And soar to worlds on high ;
- 2 Shall join the disembodied saints,  
And find its long-sought rest,  
That only bliss for which it pants,  
In my Redeemer's breast.
- 3 In hope of that immortal crown,  
I now the cross sustain,  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain.
- 4 I suffer out my appointed years,  
Till my Deliverer come,  
And wipe away his servant's tears,  
And take his exile home.

AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

233.

**Y**E golden lamps of heaven, farewell,  
With all your feeble light;  
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,  
Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
In brighter flames arrayed,  
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,  
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust  
Of my divine abode,  
The pavement of those heavenly courts  
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light  
Shall there his beams display;  
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
With that unvaried day.

5 There all the millions of his saints  
Shall in one song unite,  
And each the bliss of all shall view  
With infinite delight.

234.

**F**AR from these narrow scenes of night  
Unbounded glories rise ;  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 There pain and sickness never move,  
And grief no more complains ;  
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
And endless pleasure reigns.

3 No cloud those blissful regions know,  
For ever bright and fair ;  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.

4 There no alternate night is known,  
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;  
But glory, from the sacred throne,  
Spreads everlasting day.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
For thy bright courts on high ;  
Then bid our souls rise up, and join  
The chorus of the sky.

AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

235.

ON Jordan's stormy bank I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

2 There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow ;  
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,  
With milk and honey flow.

3 All o'er those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day ;  
There God the Son for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore ;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.

5 I see a world of spirits bright,  
Who taste the pleasures there ;  
They all are rob'd in radiant white,  
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

6 Lord, what are all my sufferings here,  
If thou but make me meet  
With that enraptur'd host to appear,  
And worship at thy feet !

236.

**J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold;  
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
Bless'd seats! through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,  
Or feel, at death, dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand,  
And soon my friends in Christ below,  
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

237.

**T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers :  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dress'd in living green :  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering, on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

5 O ! could we make our doubts remove,  
These gloomy doubts to rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unclouded eyes.

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

238.

**H**ARK, a voice ! it sounds from heaven :  
“ Blessed in the Lord who die ! ”

Happy they to whom 'tis given  
From a world of woe to fly !  
They indeed are truly blest,  
From their labour now they rest.

2 All their toils and conflicts over,  
Lo ! they dwell with Christ above :  
Boundless glories they discover  
In the Saviour whom they love.  
Now they see him face to face ;  
Him who saved them by his grace.

3 'Tis enough ! enough for ever !  
'Tis his people's bright reward :  
They indeed are blest, who never  
Shall be absent from the Lord.  
O that we may die like those,  
Who in Jesus thus repose !



AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

239.

**L**O! round the throne, at God's right hand,  
The saints, in countless myriads, stand ;  
Of ev'ry tongue redeem'd to God,  
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came :  
They bore the cross, despis'd the shame ;  
From all their labours now they rest,  
In God's eternal glory bless'd.

3 They see their Saviour face to face,  
And sing the triumphs of his grace :  
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,  
To him their loud hosannas raise—

4 “ Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign :  
Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,  
And made us kings and priests to God !”

240.

**W**HAT are these array'd in white,  
Brighter than the noon-day sun ;  
Foremost of the sons of light,  
Nearest the eternal throne ?  
These are they that bore the cross,  
Nobly for their Master stood ;  
Counting earthly gain for loss,  
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,  
Wash'd their robes by faith below  
In the blood of yonder Lamb,  
Blood that washes white as snow :  
Therefore are they next the throne,  
Serve their Maker day and night :  
God resides among his own,  
God doth in his saints delight.

3 He that on the throne doth reign,  
Them the Lamb shall always feed,  
With the tree of life sustain,  
To the living fountains lead :  
He shall all their sorrows chase,  
All their wants at once remove,  
Wipe the tears from every face,  
Every soul adorn with love.

241.

**S**EE the saints in heav'n appearing ;  
Heav'n that yields them sweet repose :  
Nothing wanting, nothing fearing,  
Safe from ev'ry storm that blows ;  
Free from sorrow, sin, and fear,  
Having all they hop'd for here.

2 All their conflicts now are over ;  
All their dangers are no more ;  
And with joy they now discover  
All that lay conceal'd before.  
Fill'd with wonder they survey  
All the perils of the way.

3 Perils past and gone for ever ;  
O how cheering is the thought !  
Once we pass through yonder river,  
Then we rest, and labour not.  
Nothing is to those oppress'd  
Grateful as the thought of rest.

4 Rest from toil, and rest from terror ;  
Rest from all assaults of foes ;  
Rest from those who, loving error,  
Hate the Saviour, and oppose ;  
Rest from all that causes grief,  
Sweet the hope of such relief.

AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

- 5 Hope of this our toils can lighten ;  
    Hope has pow'r to cheer the faint ;  
Hope of this our gloom will brighten ;  
    Hope sustains the trembling saint ;  
Hope is ours, then farewell fear ;  
Hope the darkest hour can cheer.

242.

- I**T hath not fully yet appear'd  
    What blessedness to saints is giv'n :  
No eye hath seen, no ear hath heard,  
    Nor heart conceiv'd the joys of heaven.
- 2 In heaven itself, and there alone,  
    The joys of heaven are understood ;  
Where saints shall know, as they are known,  
    And shall behold the face of God :
- 3 The face of him, who, here below,  
    Appear'd and died, to save his own :  
The same who reigns in glory now,  
    And fills yon bright eternal throne.
- 4 A sight of him his people fills  
    With transport never known before :  
They feel no want, they fear no ills ;  
    And sin and sorrow are no more.

## AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING

- 5 They view the Lord, whom angels view  
He there without a cloud appears ;  
And praise the Lord, as angels do,  
With joy, perhaps, exceeding theirs.
- 6 How blest our lot, if we are his !  
We too shall dwell with him above :  
Yes, we shall see him as he is,  
In yonder world of light and love.

## 243.

- E**TERNITY ! tremendous sound !  
To guilty souls a dreadful wound :  
But, oh ! if Christ and heaven be mine  
The sound how glorious, how divine !
- 2 Be this my chief, my only care,  
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,  
An interest in the Saviour's blood,  
My pardon seal'd, and peace with Go

**Amen.**

**244.**

**Y**E who in his courts are found,  
Listening to the joyful sound,  
Lost and helpless as ye are,  
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,  
Glorify the King of kings,  
Take the peace the gospel brings.

**2** Turn to Christ your longing eyes,  
View the bleeding sacrifice ;  
See in Him your sins forgiven,  
Pardon, holiness, and heaven :  
Glorify the King of kings,  
Take the peace the gospel brings.

**245.**

**D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord ;  
Help us to feed upon thy word ;  
Our faith confirm, our sins forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.

AMEN.

- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;  
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood :  
Give every humble soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

246.

**L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Let us each thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace.  
O refresh us,  
Travelling through the wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy Gospel's joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound :  
Ever faithful  
To thy truth may we be found.

- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever  
*Reign with Christ in endless day !*

AMEN.

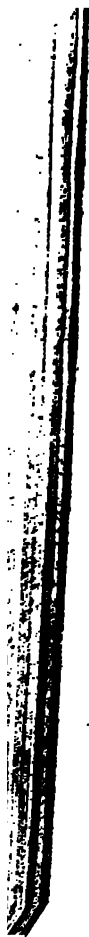
247.

**M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above.  
Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord :  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

248.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;  
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,  
And saints on earth adore ;  
Be glory, as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last,  
Till time shall be no more.





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